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UR



PEOPLE”



HARLES KEENE.



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"Our People."

Sketches from 'Punch' by

'K'



OUR PEOPLE.	At Home.
OUR PEOPLE.	Street-Life.
OUR PEOPLE.	In the Country.
OUR PEOPLE.	Travelling.
OUR PEOPLE.	Professional.
OUR PEOPLE.	Official.
OUR PEOPLE.	In the Army.
OUR PEOPLE.	Art and Artists.
OUR PEOPLE.	Volunteers.
OUR PEOPLE.	At Business.
OUR PEOPLE.	Domestics.
OUR PEOPLE.	Working Folk.
OUR PEOPLE.	In Ireland.
OUR PEOPLE.	In Scotland.

Éc., Éc.

C O N T E N T S.



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‡

COMPANION TO "OUR PEOPLE,"

ENGLISH SOCIETY AT HOME,

Society Pictures By

GEORGE DU MAURIER.

JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co, PUBLISHERS.

‡



Mens Conscia.

Inspector (who notices a lackadaisicalness in History). "WHO SIGNED MAGNA CHARTA?" (No answer.)

Inspector (more urgently). "WHO SIGNED MAGNA CHARTA?" (No answer.)

Inspector (angrily). "WHO SIGNED MAGNA CHARTA!!!"

Scapegrace (thinking matters are beginning to look serious). "PLEASE, SIR, 'TWASS'T ME, SIR!!"



Dignity.

Club "Buttons." "I'M AT THE 'JUNIOR PENINSULAR' NOW."

Friend. "WHAT! DID YOU 'GET THE SACK' FROM 'THE REYNOLDS'?"

Buttons (indignant). "GO ALONG WITH YER! 'GET THE SACK!' I SENT IN MY RESIGNATION TO THE COMMITTEE!"



Family Pride.

First Boy. "MY FATHER'S A OFFICER." **Second Boy.** "WHAT OFFICER?"
First Boy. "WHY, A CORPORAL!" **Third Boy** (evidently "comic"). "SO'S MY FATHER—HE'S A OFFICER, TOO—A GENERAL, HE IS!" **Fourth Boy.** "GO ALONG WITH YER!" **Third Boy.** "SO HE IS—HE'S A GENERAL DEALER!!"



Bad Customer.

Landlady. "WHAT GENTLEMAN'S LUGGAGE IS THIS, SAM?"

Ancient Waiter. "GENTLEMAN'S LUGGAGE, 'M! 'OR' BLESHYER, NO, MUM! THAT'S ARTIS'S TRIPS, THAT IS. THEY'LL AVE TEA HERE TO-NIGHT, TAKE A LITTLE LODGIN' TO-MORROW, AND THERE THEY'LL BE A LOAFIN' ABOUT THE PLACE FOR MONTHS, DOIN' NO GOOD TO NOBODY!"



"March of Refinement!"

Brown (*behind the Age, but hungry*). "GIVE ME THE BILL OF FARE, WAITER."

Head Waiter. "BEG PARDON, SIR?" **Brown.** "THE BILL OF FARE."

Head Waiter. "THE WHAT, SIR? O!—AH!—YES!"—(*to Subordinate*)—"CHAWLES, BRING THIS—THE—A—GEN'LIMAN—THE MENOO!"



Refrigerated Tourists.

Provincial Waiter. "ICE! GENTLEMEN! THERE AIN'T NO ICE IN AUTUMN TIME. BUT IT'S EASY TO SEE YOU ARE GENTS FROM LONDON, AS DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT NATURE, AND I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR IT, IN COURSE. BUT, ICE IN AUGUST!"
[*Exit, smiggering.*]



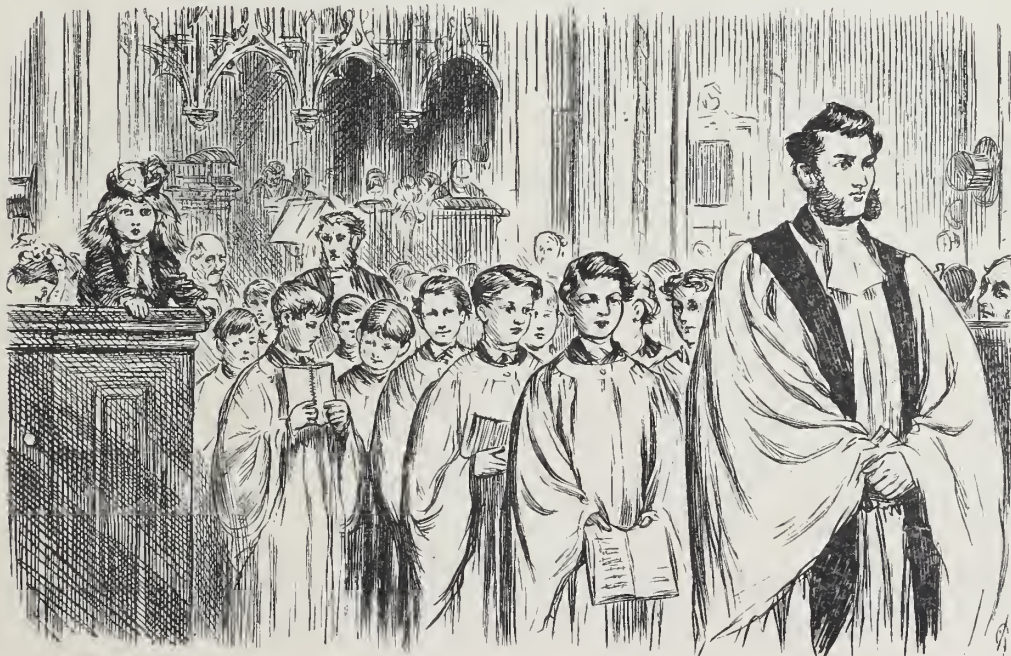
Intelligent Pet.

“MA, DEAR WHAT DO THEY PLAY THE ORGAN SO LOUD FOR, WHEN ‘CHURCH’ IS OVER? IS IT TO WAKE US UP?”



“Durance.”

Little Daughter. “WON’T THEY LET US OUT WITHOUT PAYING, MA?”



The Mystery Solved.

Effie (our Parson’s little daughter: her first experience of “Church.” Aloud—with intense surprise). “PA AND ALL THE DEAR LITTLE BOYS, IN THEIR NIGHTGOWNS, GOING TO BYE-BYE!!!”



A Pledged M.P.

M.P. & Bride "OH! WILLIAM, DEAR—IF YOU ARE—A LIBERAL—DO BRING IN A BILL—NEXT SESSION—FOR THAT UNDERGROUND TUNNEL!!!"



"Perils of the Deep."

Unprotected Female (awaking old Goat, who is not very well). "O, MISER, WOULD YOU FIND THE CAPTAIN! I'M SURE WE'RE IN DANGER! I'VE BEEN WATCHING THE MAN AT THE WHEEL; HE KEEPS TURNING IT ROUND FIRST ONE WAY AND THEN THE OTHER, AND EVIDENTLY DOESN'T KNOW HIS OWN MIND!!!"



"The Pink of Fashion."

"OUR FLOWER SHOW WAS A DECIDED SUCCESS THIS YEAR, AND LITTLE FIDRINS IN AN EMBROIDERED FLOEAL WAISTCOAT WAS KILLING!"



The Bird Show.

That Charming Gal with the blue feather (to Prize Cawery). "SWEETLY, DEAR!"

Comic Man ("Dolcissimo con Brio," from the other side of pedestal). "YES, DUCKY!"

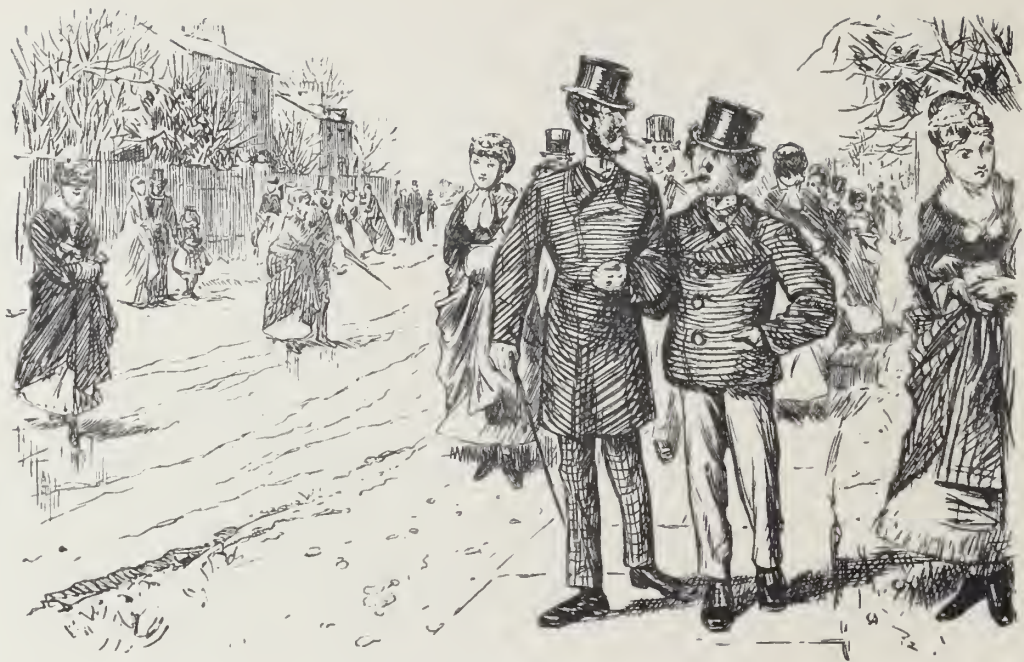
[Utterly ruining the hopes, and taking the wind out of the sails of his tall friend (serious man), who had been sponging about her all the afternoon, and thought he had made an impression!]



"Trying"

Happy Swain (she has "assaid the day"). "AND NOW, DEAREST EDITH, THAT IS ALL SETTLED. WITH REGARD TO JEWELLERY, MY LOVE; WOULD YOU LIKE A SET IN PLAIN GOLD, OR—"

Edith (economical and courageous, and who suffers a good deal from toothache). "OH, AUGUSTUS, NOW YOU ASK ME—DO YOU KNOW—I—REALLY—BUT—MR. CLINCH TOLD ME YESTERDAY THAT HE COULD EXTRACT ALL I HAVE, AND PUT IN A BEAUTIFUL NEW SET FOR ONLY FIFTEEN GUINEAS!"



Common Prudence.

Snob. "Oh, LET'S GET OUT O' THIS MOB, 'ABBY! THEY'LL THINK WE'RE A GOIN' TO CHURCH!"



The Triumphs of Temper.

Fare (out of patience at the fourth "jib" in a Mile). "Hi, THIS WON'T DO! I SHALL GET OUT!"

Cabby (through the trap, in a whisper). "Ah THIS, FOR, NEVER MIND HER! SIT STILL! DON'T GIVE HER THE SATISFACTION AV KNOWIN' SHE'S GOT RID AV YE!!"



"For Better for Worse."

Our friend Engwidge (hasn't a r-p) has just married the widow (rich) of old Harlesden the stockbroker.

Mrs. B. (Retiring). "SHALL I SEND MY POPPET HIS SLIPPERS?"

Mr. B. "N-N-N-N-O—NOT AT PRESENT, THANKS!" (*Sotto voce to his guest when the door was closed.*) "NOT SO FOND OF HAVING THE MUZZLES ON MY FEET AT EIGHT O'CLOCK IN THE EVENING, YOU KNOW, BARNEY!"



A Half Truth.

Guard (of the Falcon Railway Company, that still forbids tobacco). "STRONG SMELL OF SMOKE, SIR!"

Passenger (his cigar covered by his newspaper). "Y-A—AS; THE PARTY WHO HAS JUST GOT OUT HAS BEEN SMOKING FURIOUSLY!"



Poor Humanity!

Wife. "I THINK—GLOBGE, DEAR—I SHOULD—EE BETTER—IF WE WALKED ABOUT——"

Husband (one wouldn't have believed it of him). "YOU CAN DO AS YOU LIKE, LOVE. I'M VERY WELL (!) AS I AM!!!"



Family Ties.

(Respectfully dedicated to Mr. Punch's excellent friends at the Egyptian Hall—M. and C.)

Aunt. "GRACIOUS GOODNESS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY CUPBOARD, YOU NAUGHTY BOYS?"

Jacky. "OH, AUNT, WE'RE PLAYING 'MASCULINE AND COOK'! I TIE HIM TO THE CHAIR, AND WHEN THE DOOR'S OPENED HIS HANDS ARE FREE. THEN HE DOES ME!"



"Prevention Better than Cure"

James (*excitedly*). "HERE—HERE—HERE'S THE SHILLIN'! QUICK—QUICK—OFF WITH YOU!"

German Impostor (*affecting concern*). "DEERE IS SOME YUN ILL?"

James. "WELL, NOT JUST YET! BUT THERE PROOD'S SOON WILL BE, IF Y-EU DON'T KNOCK OFF!"



The Roll-Call.

Sergeant. "ALISTER McALISTER!" Answer. "HAMISHO!" Sergeant. "DONAL' McBEAN!" Answer. "HAMISHO!"
 Sergeant. "PETER McKAY!" Answer. "HAMISHO!" Sergeant. "JOHN SMITH!" Answer. "HERE, SIR!"
 Sergeant (with a Sniff). "Ugh! 'ENGLISH Pock-Pudding'!"



Gentility in Greens.

(Mrs. Brown finds Saudymouth a very different place from what she remembers it years ago!)

Greengrocer. "CABBAGE, MUM!! WE DON'T KEEP NO SECOND-CLASS VEGETABLES, MUM. YOU'LL GET IT AT THE LOWER END O' THE TOWN!"



Plain to Demonstration.

Customer (anxiously). "AH! THEY MUST BE VERY IRRISOME AT FIRST."

Dentist (exultantly). "NOT A BIT OF IT, SIR! LOOK HERE, SIR!" (Destructively catching his entire set.) "HEEL'S MY UPPER, AND HERE'S MY UNDER!"



Unprejudiced'

Swell (at the R. A. Exhibition). "HAW! 'AVE YOU ANY IDEA—W' WHAT FELLOW'S PICTU-ARS WE'RE TO ADMIRE THIS YE-AR! '??"



A Kind Son.

Paterfamilias (to his Eldest Son, who is at Bartholomew's). "GEORGE, THESE ARE UNCOMMONLY GOOD CIGARS! I CAN'T AFFORD TO SMOKE SUCH EXPENSIVE CIGARS AS THESE."

George (grandly). "FILL YOUR CASE—FILL YOUR CASE, GOV'NER!!"



Crass Ignorance

First Swell. "LET'S SEE—TC-MORROW'S— WHAT'S T'DAY, BYTH'BY!"

Second Swell. "TUESDAY, ISN'T IT?—OR MONDAY?—WAS YEST'DAY, SUNDAY? NE' MIND—(yawns)—MY MAN'LL BE HERE PWESENTLY—FWEGIOUS SHWED FELLOW—TELL US LIKE A SHOT!!"

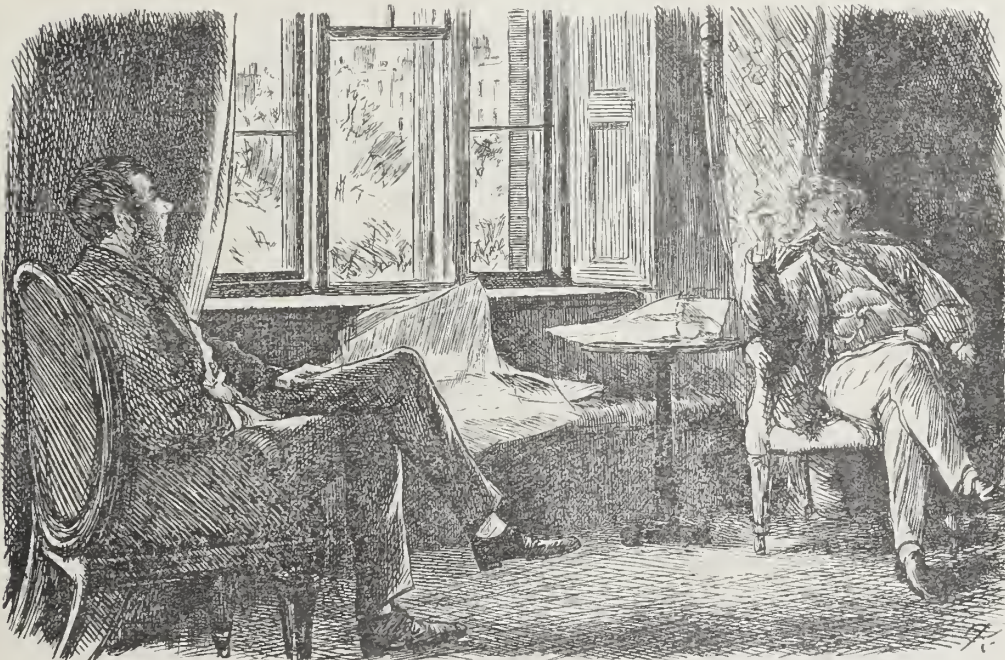


A Change in the Weather.

Paterfamilias (with a sigh: his family have been to Boulogne for the holidays). "IT'S ALL UP!"

Bachelor Friend (who has enjoyed these little Dinners). "WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

Paterfamilias. "TELEGRAM! SHE SAYS THEY'VE ARRIVED SAFE AT FOLKESTONE, AND WILL BE HOME ABOUT 10:30!"



"Res Angustæ Domi"

Family Man. "WHERE DO YOU GO THIS YEAR, JINNINGS?"

Bachelor (in a sketchy manner). "OH—BADEN FOR A FEW WEEKS, AND THE WHINE, BELGIUM—F'WA'S GET A FAR'S VIENNAH! WHERE 'YOU OFF TO?"

Family Man. "OH, I SUPPOSE I SHALL TAKE THE OLD WOMAN DOWN TO WORTHING—AS USUAL!"

[And he says this in anything but a sprightly manner—which was weak and injudicious.]



Irish Ingenuity.

Saxon Tourist. "WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU LOWERING THE SHAFTS FOR?" (*He has jus' found out that this manoeuvre is gone through at every ascent.*)

Car-Driver. "SHURE, YER 'ONNER, WE'LL MAKE 'M BLAVE HE'S GOIN' DOWN HILL!"



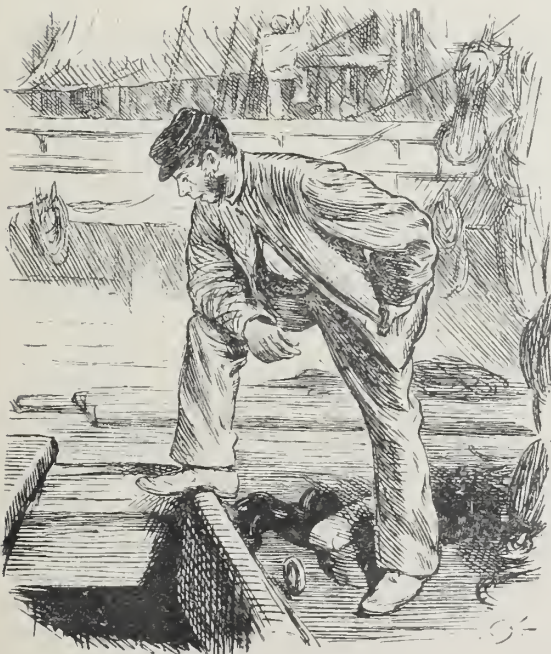
Scrupulous.

Shepherd. "O, JIMS, MUN! CAN YE NO GIE A WHISTLE ON THA RAM'IN' BRUTE O' MINE? I DAURNA MYSEL'; IT'S JUST FAST-DAY IN OOR PARISH!!"



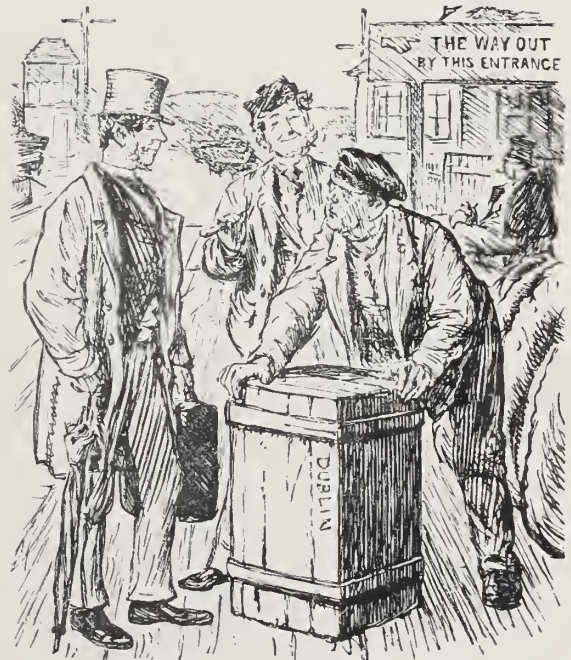
A Game Two can Play at.

Guard (to Excited Passenger at the Edinburgh Station, just as the Train is Startin'). "YE'RE TOO LATE, SIR. YE CANNA ENTER."
 Stalwart Aberdonian. "A' MAUN!" Guard (holding him back). "YE CANNA!"
 Aberdonian. "TELL YE A' MAUN—A' WEE!" (Gripping Guard.) "IF A' MAUNNA, YE SANNA!!!"



Decimals on Deck.

Irish Mate. "HOW MANNY IV YE DOWN THER-EE?!"
 Voice from the Hold. "THREE, SOR!"
 Mate. "THIN HALF IV YE COME UP HERE IMMADIATELY!!"



More "Revenge for the Union."

Saxon Tourist (at Irish Railway Station). "WHAT TIME DOES THE HALF-PAST ELEVEN TRAIN START, PADDY?"
 Porter. "AT THRUTTY MINUTES TO TWILVE—SHARRUP, SOR!"
 [Tourist retires up, discomfited.]



The Ulster

Schoolboy (to Brown, as he goes past) "YAH! COME OUT OF IT! D'YOU THINK I DON'T SEE YEE!"



"Silence is Golden"

Chatty Old Gent. "HAVE YOU LONG LEGS, HEAR, PORTER?"
 Railway Porter (as he goes) "TEMPER'S BEEN SPOILT. 'SAME AS ANYWHERE ELSE, I SPOSE. SIXTY MINUTES." — (Bell rings, Railway Porter touches up Old Gent's favourite eye, and rushes off.)
 Old Gent. "PH—o—o—o—!"



Barometrical.

Draper. "LIGHT SUMMER DRESS? YIS, M'N. SOLD A GREAT MANY THE LAST FEW DAYS, M'M, THE WEATHER HAVIN' RISEN FROM A FRENCH MILLINO TO A GRENADINE!"



A Family Man.

Cabby. "Vy, I'm a FATHER of a FAMILY MYSELF, MUM,—not so 'ANDSOME AS YOUR LITTLE DEARS, MUM, I DON'T SAY,—AN' D'YOU THINK I'D GO FOR TO OVERCHARGE FOR 'EM? NOT I, MUM! NOT A SIXPENCE, BLESS THEIR LITTLE 'EARTS!" &c., &c.
[Claim allowed.]



Unconscionable.

Head of the Firm. "WANT A HOLIDAY? WHY, YOU'VE JUST BEEN AT HOME ILL FOR A MONTH!"



A Narcotic.

Doctor. "LOOK HERE, MRS. McCARDLE. DON'T GIVE HIM ANY MORE PHYSIC. A SOUND SLEEP WILL DO HIM MORE GOOD THAN ANYTHING."
Gudwife. "E H, DOCTOR, IF WE COULD ONLY GET HIM TAE THE KIEK!!"



The Connoisseur.

Host (*smacking his lips*). "THERE, MY BOY, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT? I THOUGHT I'D GIVE YOU A TREAT. THAT'S '34 PORT, SIR!"

Guest. "AH! AND A VERY NICE, SOUND WINE, I SHOULD SAY! I BELIEVE IT'S QUITE AS GOOD AS SOME I GAVE '378. FOR THE OTHER DAY."



Awful Warning!

Guest (*at City Company Dinner*). "I'M UNCOMMONLY HUNGRY!"

Ancient Liveryman (*with feeling*). "TAKE CARE, MY DEAR SIR, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, TAKE CARE! D' YOU KNOW IT HAPPENED TO ME AT THE LAST LORD MAYOR'S DINNER TO BURN MY TONGUE WITH MY FIRST SPOONFUL OF CLEAR TURTLE; 'CONSEQUENCE WAS—(*sighs*)—COULDN'T TASTE AT ALL—ANYTHING—FOR THE REST OF THE EVENING!!"



The Sausage Machine.

Cook (*in a fluster*). "O F A PLEASE, 'M, NO WONDER THE FLAVOUR O' THEM SASSAGES WASN'T TO-RIGHTS, 'M, WHICH I'VE JUST NOW KETCHED MASTER ALFRED A CUTTIN' HIS 'CAVENDISH' IN THE MACHINE!"



Just in Time.

Veteran Piscator. "HEH! BUT YON'S A MUCKLE FISH LOUPIN' AHINT ME!" — (It was lucky he looked round!—his Friend from London had preferred Sketching on the Banks, had stumbled over a Boulder, and "Gone a Hauler" into a deep hole. He was gaffed at his last kick!)



Words and Weights.

Angler. "DEUCED ODD, DONALD, I CAN'T GET A FISH OVER SEVEN POUNDS, WHEN THEY SAY MAJOR GRANT ABOVE US KILLED HALF A DOZEN LAST WEEK THAT TURNED TWENTY POUNDS APICE!"

Donald. "AWEEL, SIR, IT'S NO THAT MUCKLE ODDS I'TH' SAWMON, —BUT THAE FOWK UP THE WATTER IS BIGGER LEEARS THAN WE ARE DOON HERE!"



Mal Apropos."

Rector's Wife. "WELL, VENABLE, DO YOU THINK WE SOLD THE JEPSEY COW?"
 Venables. "I THINK AS WE A SELL THE BEEHIVE, WE A MANY TIMES, BUT—*good day*—"
 I THINK AS WE A SELL THE BEEHIVE, WE A MANY TIMES, BUT—*good day*—"
 I THINK AS WE A SELL THE BEEHIVE, WE A MANY TIMES, BUT—*good day*—"
 I THINK AS WE A SELL THE BEEHIVE, WE A MANY TIMES, BUT—*good day*—"



"A Slip o' the Tongue."

Yachting Biped. "THEN YOU'LL LOOK US UP AT PRIMEORR 'ILL?"
 New Acquaintance (*gentlemanly man*). "OH, YES, NEAR THE 'ZOO, ISN'T IT? WE OFTEN DROP IN AND HAVE A LOOK AT THE MONKEYS!"



Confession in Confusion.

Priest. "NOW, TELL ME, DOOLAN, TRUTHFULLY, HOW OFTEN DO YOU GO T' CHAFFIN?"
 Pat. "WILL, NOW, SHURE O'LL TELL YER RIVERENCE THE TRUTH. FAIX, I GO AS OFTEN I CAN AVOID!"



The New Running Drill.

(A respectful appeal to His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief.)

CAPTAIN BLUARD, AS HE APPEARED IN COMMAND OF HIS COMPANY.



Our Military Manœuvres.

Irish Drill-Sergant (to Squad of Militiamen), "PE'S'NT 'RRMS!"—(Astonishing result.)—"HIV'NS! WHAT A 'PREISINT'! JIST SHIP
OUT HERE NOW, AN' LOOK AT YERSILVES!!"



The Race not yet Extinct.

Country Excursionist (just landed at *G. W. Terminus*). "COULD YOU INFORM ME WHAT THESE 'TEE Busses' CHARGE FROM PADDINGTON TO THE BANK?"

Dundreary (with an *air*). "AHEE, DO' M'SOUL, HAVEN'T AN IDEA I! NEYER WODE 'N ONE IN M'LIFE! SHOULD SAY A MERE TWIFLE! P'WAS A SHILLING, OR TWO SHILLINGS. DON'T THINK THE WASCALS COULD HAVE THE CONSCIENCE TO CHARGE YOU MORE THAN THWEE SHILLINGS! 'WOULDN'T PAY MORE THAN FOUR! I'D SEE 'EM AT THE D-D-DOGGED!"



A Dilemma.

Party (overcome by the heat of the Weather). "HOY! CAR!"

Driver. "ALL RIGHT, SIR, IF YOU'LL JUST WALK TO THE GATE."

Party. "O, BOTHER! WALKING TO 'GATE!'"

Driver. "WELL, SIR, IF YOU CAN'T GET THROUGH, I DON'T SEE HOW I CAN GET OVER!"



Adjustment.

Bootmaker (who has a deal of trouble with this Customer). "I THINK, SIR, IF YOU WERE TO CUT YOUR CORNS, I COULD MORE EASILY FIND YOU A PAIR—"

Choleric Old Gentleman. "CUT MY CORNS, SIR!—I ASK YOU TO FIT ME A PAIR O' BOOTS TO MY FEET, SIR!—I'M NOT GOING TO PLANE MY FEET DOWN TO FIT YOUR BOOTS!!!"



A Mine of Speculation.

Dealer (to Wavering Customer). "WELL, OF COURSE WE ALL KNOW THAT—HE'S GOT 'IS BAD POINTS AN' 'IS GOOD POINTS; BUT WHAT I SAY IS, THERE'S NO DECEPTION ABOUT 'IS BAD POINTS—WE CAN SEE 'EM. BUT WE CAN'T NONE OF US TELL 'OW MANY GOOD POINTS HE MAY 'AVE TILL WE COMES TO KNOW 'IM!!!"

[The "Party" took time to consider.]



"Argumentum ad Hominem!"

Dealer. "I KNOW YOU DON'T LIKE HIS 'EAD, AND I ALLOW HE AIN'T GOT A PURTY 'EAD; BUT LOR!—NOW LOOK AT GLADSTONE, THE CLEVEREST MAN IN ALL ENGLAND!—AND LOOK AT 'IS 'EAD'!!!"



Veneration.

Lodger "I SHALL NOT DINE AT HOME TO-DAY, MA'AM, BUT I'VE A FRIEND COMING THIS EVENING. IF YOU COULD GIVE US SOMETHING NICE FOR SUPPER—"

Landlady (*Low Church*). "WOULD YOU LIKE THE REMAINDER OF THE COLD TURKEY—AH (*feels a delicacy*)—HEM! *BEELZEBUBBED, SIR!*"



A Soft Answer.

Irascible Old Gent "WAITER! THIS PLATE IS QUITE COLD!"

Waiter "YESSIR, BUT THE CHOP IS HOT, SIR, WHICH I THINK YOU'LL FIND IT'LL WARM UP THE PLATE NICELY, SIR!"



Seasonable Luxury.

Old Gent (*disgusted*). "HERE, WAITER! HERE'S A—HERE'S A—A—CATTLE-PILLAR IN THIS CHOP!"

Waiter (*flippantly*). "YESSIR. ABOUT THE TIME O' YEAR FOR 'EM JUST NOW, SIR!"



Education!

Papa (improving the occasion at Luncheon). "NOW, LOOK, HARRY, THE CIRCUMFERENCE OF THIS CAKE IS EQUAL TO ABOUT THREE TIMES THE DIAMETER, AND—"

Harry. "OH, THEN, PA', LET ME HAVE THE CIRCUMFERENCE FOR MY SHARE!"



Cricket!

Uncle. "WELL, TOM, AND WHAT HAVE YOU DONE IN CRICKET THIS HALF?"

Tom. "OH, BLESS YOU, UNCLE, WE'VE BEEN 'NOWHERE,' THIS SEASON; ALL OUR BEST 'MEN,' YOU KNOW, WERE DOWN WITH THE MEASLES!"



Treacherous Confederate

Uncle George (who has been deceiving the Young People with some clever Conjuring). "NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOU SAW ME TURN THE HANDKERCHIEF.—WOULD YOU BE SURPRISED TO FIND—(Roars of Laughter)—I SHALL PRODUCE THE ORANGE OUR YOUNG FRIEND HERE WAS SO OBLIGING AS TO OFFER TO TAKE CARE OF, AND INSIDE WHICH, I'VE NO DOUBT, WE SHALL FIND THE SHILLING?!"



Breaking the Ice.

Sprightly Lady. "MR. DOEMEN, WOULD YOU OBLIGE ME WITH
Bashful Curate (who had scarcely spoken to his Fair Neighbour). "O,
 CERTAINLY. WHAT SHALL I HAVE THE PLEASURE TO OFFER?"
Lady. "—A REMARK!!"



The First Sermon.

Aunt. "WELL, DAISY, HOW DID YOU LIKE 'CHURCH' YESTERDAY?"
Daisy. "O, AUNTY, THEY WERE ALL SO QUIET AND LOOKED SO CROSS, I
 THOUGHT I MUST 'A' SCREAMED!!"



"Sweet is Revenge Especially to Women!"

CAPTAIN OGLEBY, WHO ANNOYS THE MISS LANKYSTERS SO MUCH ON THE PROMENADE BY HIS OBTRUSIVE ADMIRATION, IS DISCOVERED EARLY ONE MORNING, BY HIS EXULTANT VICTIMS, IN THE ACT OF HAVING AN "EASY SHAVE" IN THE SOMEWHAT LIMITED PREMISES OF THE VILLAGE FIGARO.



Desperate Case!

M.A. (endeavouring to instil Euclid into the mind of Private Pupil going into the Army). "NOW, IF THE THREE SIDES OF THIS TRIANGLE ARE ALL EQUAL, WHAT WILL HAPPEN?"
Pupil (confidently). "WELL, SIR, I SHOULD SAY THE FOURTH WOULD BE EQUAL, TOO!!"



Exchange!

Togswell (in the Washing Room at the Office, proceeding to dress for the De Browney's Dinner-Party). "HULLO! WHAT THE DOOCE!"—(Pulling out, in dismay, from black bag, a pair of blue flannel Tights, a pink striped Jersey, and a spiked canvas Shoe.)—"CONFOUND IT! YES!—I MUST HAVE TAKEN THAT FELLOW'S BAG WHO SAID HE WAS GOING TO THE ATHLETIC SPORTS THIS AFTERNOON, AND HE'S GOT MINE WITH MY DRESS CLOTHES!!"



A Degenerate Son.

The Governor (indignantly). "GEORGE, I'M SURPRISED AT YOU! I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU KNEW BETTER! IT'S DISGRACEFUL! IS IT FOR THIS I'VE PAID HUNDREDS OF POUNDS TO GIVE YOU AN UNIVERSITY EDUCATION, THAT YOU SHOULD—"
Son and Heir (with cigar). "WHY—WHAT HAVE I DONE, GOVERNOR?"
The Governor. "DONE? DARED TO SMOKE, SIR, WHILE YOU ARE DRINKING MY '34 FORT!!"



Lucid!

Irish Sergeant (to Squad at Judging-Distance Drill). "NOW, YE'LL PAY THE GREATEST OF ATTENTION TO THE MAN AT EIGHT HUNDRED YAR-EDS: BECAUSE, IF YE CAN'T SEE 'M, YE'LL BE DECEIVED IN HIS 'APPARANCE!'"



The Riding Lesson.

Riding Master (to Sub, who is qualifying himself for the *Irish* Country). "D'YEE 'EAD WAS ONLY TULSED THE OTHER WAY, WHAT A SPLENDID CHEST YOU'D 'AVE, ME, BOWDRIE!"



Look before you Leap.

Middle-Aged Uncle. "NOT PROPOSED TO HER YET! WHY, WHAT A SHILLY-SHALLYING FELLOW YOU ARE, GEORGE! YOU'LL HAVE THAT LITTLE WIDOW SNAPPED UP FROM UNDER YOUR NOSE, AS SURE AS YOU'RE BORN! PRETTY GAL LIKE THAT—NICE LITTLE PROPERTY—EVIDENTLY LIKES YOU—WITH AN ESTATE IN THE HIGHLANDS, TOO, AND YOU A SPORTING MAN——"

Nephew. "AH! THAT'S WHERE IT IS, UNCLE! HER FISHING'S GOOD, I KNOW; BUT I'M NOT SO SURE ABOUT HER *GROUSE!*"



No Mistake, this Time.

Lodger. "DEAR ME, MRS. CRIBBLES, YOUR CAT'S BEEN AT THIS MUTTON AGAIN!"

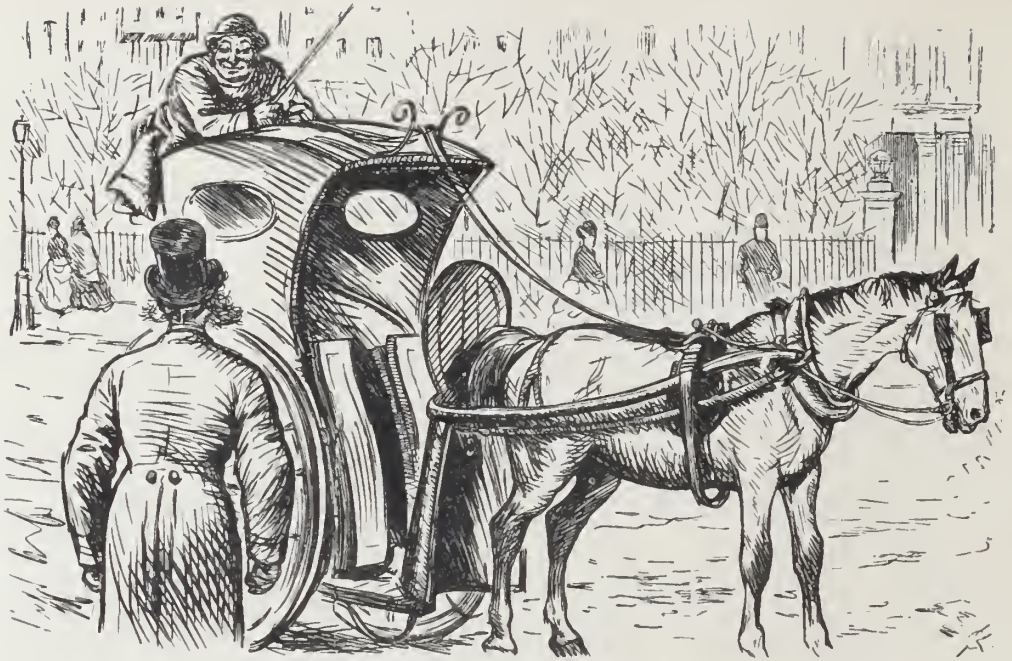
Landlady. "OH NO, MUM, IT CAN'T BE THE CAT. MY 'USEAND SAYS HE BELIEVES IT'S THE COLLERLADA BEETLE!"



State o' Trade.

Small Girl. "PLEASE, MRS. GREENSTOUGH, MOTHER SAYS WILL YOU GIVE HER A LETTUCE?"

Mrs. G. "GIVE?! TELL THEE MOTHER GIV'UM'S DEAD, AND LENDUM'S VERY BAD. NOTHINK FOR NOTHINK 'ELE, AND PERCIOUS LITTLE FOR SIXPENCE!!!"



"Let Well Alone!"

Swell. "Ah—what's your FARE TO HAMSTEAD BY THE—AH—NEW LAW?"

Cabby. "OH, I DON'T KNOW NOthin' 'BOUT NO NEW LAWS, SIR!—SAME OLD FARE, SIR—'LEAVE IT TO YOU,' SIR!"



"Le Jeu ne Vaut pas la Chandelle."

Old Gent (*having had to pay twice*). "BUT I'M POSITIVE I HANDED YOU THE MONEY! IT MAY PREBABLY HAVE DROPPED DOWN THE SLIT IN THE DOOR!"

Conductor. "SLIT IN THE DOOR!—WELL, 'TAIN'T LIKELY I'M GOIN' TO TURN THE BUS UPSIDE-DOWN FOR SIXPENCE!"



"Tho' Lost to Sight—"

Aunt Jemima (from the country—her first experience of a "Hansom"). "HOY! HOY! STOP THE HORSE! WHERE'S THE COACHMAN!"



Precise.

Driver (impatient). "NOW, BILL, WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?"

Conductor. "GETLEMAN WANTS TO BE PUT DOWN AT NO. 20 A IN CLARINGTON SQUARE, FUST PORTICO ON THE RIGHT AFTER YOU PASS THE 'RED LION,' PRIVATE ENTRANCE ROUND THE CORNER!"

Driver. "O, CERTAINLY! ASK THE GETLEMAN IF WE SHALL DRIVE UP-STAIRS, AN' SET 'IM DOWN AT 'IS BED-ROOM DOOR IN THE THREE-PAIR BACK?"



An Extensivè Order.

"O, PLEASE, MISS, WILL YOU GIVE US TWO 'A'PENNIES FOR A PENNY, AND GI' ME A DRINK O' WATER, AN' TELL US THE RIGHT TIME? AN' FATHER WANTS A PIPE; AND LEND MOTHER YESTERDAY'S 'TIZER.' !!!



"No such Luck."

Young Lady. "IS IT HUNGRY, THEN? COME ALONG, LITTLE DARLING, IT SHALL HAVE ITS DINNER."

Street-Sweeper (overhearing, and misapplying). "HERE Y'ARF, MISS! RIGHT YOU ARF! I JEST AM!"
[Ah! but it was Fido she was speaking to!]



"'Tis Better not to Know."

Impudent Boy (generally). "TRY YER WEIGHT—ONLY A PENNY!" (To Lady of commanding proportions in particular.) "TELL YER 'XACT WEIGHT TO A HOUNCF, MUM!"



Vested Interests.

Sweeper. "IF YOU DON'T GET OFF MY CROSSIN', I'LL 'EV YOUR NUMBER!"



"Chaff."

Apple-Stall Keeper (to the Boys). "NOW, THEN, WHAT ARE YOU GAING AT? WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

Street Boy. "NOTHIN'."

Apple-Stall Keeper. "THEN TAKE IT, AND BE OFF!"

Street Boy. "VERY WELL: WRAP IT UP FOR US IN A PIECE O' PAPER!"

[Boys.]



"Is It Possible?!"

Swell (Securing Juvenile Member of Manufacturing Centre). "YOU SHOULD ALWAYS—AH—TOUCH YOUR HAT TO A GENTLEMAN—"

Factory Lad. "PLEASE, SIR, I DIDN'T KNOW AS YER WAS ONE!"



A Panic in the Kitchen

Facetious Page. "NOW, THEN, HERE'S THE CENSUS, AND MASTER'S ORDERED ME TO FILL IT UP. I'VE PUT DOWN YOUR AGES WITHIN A YEAR OR SO, AND YOU'RE TO 'RETURN' YOUR FOLLERERS, IF ANY, HOW MANY, AND STATE 'PLICE OR MILITARY,' FEES AND TIPS FROM TRADESMEN AND VISITORS 'PER ANN.,' PRICE O' KITCHEN-STUFF, AVERAGE O' BREAKAGES, &C., &C."



Proof Positive.

Mistress. "YOUR CHARACTER IS SATISFACTORY, BUT I'M VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT ONE THING: I WISH MY SERVANTS TO HAVE PLENTY, BUT I DON'T ALLOW ANY WASTE."

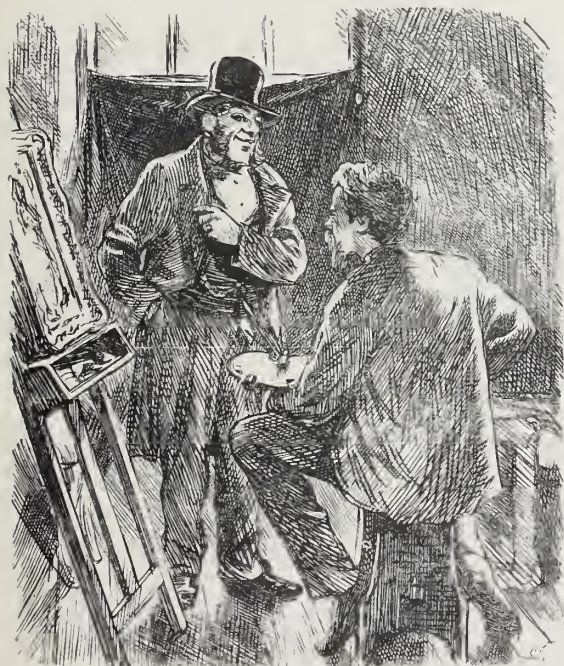
Page. "OH, NO, 'M, WHICH I'D EAT AND DRINK TILL I BUSTED, 'M, RATHER THAN WASTE ANYTHINK, 'M."



"Qualifications."

Painter who has always been ambitious of "writing himself down an R.A."). "THINK THEY MIGHT HAVE ELECTED ME, HAVING EXHIBITED AND HAD MY NAME DOWN ALL THESE YEARS! I MIGHT HAVE——"

Friend (*Man o' the World*). "MY DEAR FELLOW, I'VE ALWAYS TOLD YOU, YOU DON'T GO THE RIGHT WAY TO WORK. YOU SEE THEY COULD ONLY ELECT YOU FOR YOUR PAINTING, FOR——WHY DO YOU WEAR SUCH THICK BOOTS?!"



Temptation.

Painter. "YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU WANT ME TO SIGN IT, WHEN I TELL YOU I DID NOT PAINT IT! AND A BEASTLY COPY IT IS, DOO!"

Picture-Dealer. "VV NOT, COOT SIR? VV NOT? TUT! TUT! TUT! I ONLY VISH YOU ARTIS'S VOS MEN OF BUSINESS!"



"Spoiling It."

Lord Dabbley. "WA-AL, STREAKY, WHY I'VE HEARD—AH—YOU'RE NOT GOING TO—(*groans*)—HAVE A PICT-YEAR AT THE EXHIBITION!"

Streaky, R.A. "HAW, VERY PROBABLY NOT, M'LORD. WELL, I THINK IT ONLY—AH—GRACEFUL, M'LORD, WE SHOULD OCCASIONALLY FOREGO OUR PRIVILEGED SEAT FOR THE SAKE OF OUR YOUNGER PAINTERS—AH! BESIDES—I QUESTION IF I SHALL BE ABLE TO FINISH MY PUBLIC PORTRAITS IN TIME THIS YE-AR!"



Particular!

Young Mumford (*secretly, having learnt that the Lady Cass was from his part of the country*). "DESSAY YOU KNOW THE CADGELLYS OF BILBESTEE?—AWFULLY JOLLY PEOPLE! I—"

Naughty Beauty. "OH NO, WE ONLY VISIT THE COUNTY FAMILIES, AND WE *WEEED* THEM!!"

(Her partner wishes this "First Set" was "The Loungers.")



Vivifying Treatment of a Partner.

(A Truquely of the best Herringgate Enson.)

Young Laçy (*to Partner, instantly on their taking their Places*). "NOW—I'VE BEEN TO FOUNTAINS ABEY, AND TO BOLTON, AND I'VE SEEN THE BRIMHAM ROCKS, AND THE DROPPING WELL, AND THE VIEW FROM THE OBSERVATORY, AND WE HAD A MOENING IN YORK MISSLER, AND WE HAVE BEEN HERE A FOENIGHT, AND WE ARE GOING TO STAY ANOTHER, AND PAPA TAKES THE CHALV-BATE WATERS, AND I AM VERY CLAD THE CAVALRY ARE GOVING. NOW YOU MAY BEGIN CONVERSATION."

[Utter Collapse of Partner.]



Arbiter Elegantiarum.

Housemaid. "OH, PLEASE 'M, COULD I GO OUT THIS EVENING? 'CAUSE COOK NEX' DOOR'S GOT A 'LANGUAGE O' FLOWERS BEE,' AND SHE'S REQUESTED ME TO BE ONE O' THE JUDGES!"



"The Servants."

Cook. "THEN, SHALL YOU GO AS 'OUSEMAID?"
Young Person. "NO, INDEED! IF I GO AT ALL, I GO AS LADY 'EIP!"



"Hard Lines."

Mistress (to former Cook). "WELL, ELIZA, WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW?"
Ex-Cook. "WELL, MUM, AS YOU WOULDN'T GIVE ME NO CHARACTER, I'VE BEEN OBLIGED TO MARRY A SOLDIER!"



"Not to Put too Fine a Point on It."

Transatlantic Party. "LOOK 'ERE, WAITER! CHANGE THIS KNIFE FOR A PEA-EATER. STRANGER AND ME ARE ON DIFFERENT PLATFORMS, AND I MIGHT HURT HIM."



"Never Say 'Die'"

Nephew. "SEE, IT ISN'T GOUT, UNCLE?"
Uncle. "GOTT! SHUFFLE AN' NONSHENSE! NOT A BIT OF IT! NO, FACT—PHEW—(shakes) THESE CON-FOUNDED BOOTMAKERS—THEY MAKE YOUR BOOTS O TIGHT."



"Ingenuas Didicisse" &c.

Urbane Foreigner. "THE—AH—CONTEMPLATION OF THESE—AH—RELICS OF ANCIENT ART IN THE GALLERIES OF EUROPE, MUST BE MOST INTERESTING TO THE—AH—EDUCATED AMERICAN!"

American Tourist. "W'AL, DON'T SEEM TO CARE MUCH FOR THESE STONE GALS, SOMEHOW, STRANGER!"



A Plutocrat.

Swell. "D YOU OBLIGE ME—AH—BY SHUTTING YOUR WINDOW?—AH—"

Second Passenger (*politely*). "REALLY, SIR, IF YOU WILL NOT PESS IT, AS YOURS IS SHUT, THE AIR IS SO WARM I WOULD RATHER KEEP THIS OPEN. YOU SEEM TO TAKE GREAT CARE OF YOURSELF, SIR—"

Swell. "CARE OF MYSELF! SHOULD WATIER THINK SO. SO WOULD YOU, MY DEAR FEL-LAH, IF YOU'D SIX THOUSAND A YEAR!!"



"Matter!"

Portly Old Swell (*on reading Professor Tynkell's Speech*). "DEAR ME! IS IT POSS'BLE! MOST 'XTR'ORD'NARY!—(*throws down the Review*)—THAT I SHOULD HAVE BEEN ORIGINALLY A 'PRIMORDIAL ATOMIC GLOBULE'!!"



A Final Appeal.

"NOW, GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, I THROW MYSELF UPON YOUR IMPARTIAL JUDGMENT AS HUSBANDS AND FATHERS, AND I CONFIDENTLY ASK, DOES THE PRISONER LOOK LIKE A MAN WHO WOULD KNOCK DOWN AND TRAMPLE UPON THE WIFE OF HIS BOSSON? GENTLEMEN, I HAVE DONE!"



Division of Labor.

Facetious Volunteer Sub. "LOOK HEEF, CAPTAIN; I'M TIRED OF THIS FUN. DO YOU MIND LOOKING AFTER THE MEN WHILE I GO AND GET TAKEN PRISONER?"



"Off."

Sergeant O'Leary. "DOUBLE! LEFT! RIGHT! WHAT THE BLAZES, FAT ROONEY, D'VE MADE BY NOT DOUBLIN' WID THE SQUAD!"

Pat. "SHURE, SERGEANT, 'T WASN'T A FAIR START!"



"Where Ignorance is Bliss" &c.

Frugal Housewife (*has a large Family*). "OH, MR. STICKINGS, I SEE BY THE DAILY PAPERS THAT THE PRICE OF MEAT HAS FALLEN TWOPENCE A POUND. I THINK YOU OUGHT TO MAKE SOME REDUCTION IN YOUR CHARGES!"

Country Butcher. "WERRY SORRY, MUM, BUT WE DON'T TAKE IN NO DAILY PAPERS, MUM!"



Complimentary.

Collier (*about the Dog*). "YES, SIE, AW GOT HIM IN MANCHESTER, YONDER. AN' DOCTER AW'S GOING T' AX YE, HEV Y' ONY OBJECTION TIV US NAMIN' HIM LETHER YE?"

Young Medical Man (*rather pleased*). "OH, DEAR NO, BY ALL MEANS—DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE COMPLIMENT, THOUGH, HE'S NOT A BEAUTY TO LOOK AT!"

Collier. "MEBBES NOT, DOCTOR; BUT—SMASH!—MEX, HE'S A BEGGAR TO KILL!"



"(Not) Thankful for Small Mercies"

Cat's-Meat Man. "WHAT 'A YER GOT FOR DINNER TO-DAY, JOE?"

Crossing-Sweeper. "OH, A BIT O' ROAST WEAL SENT ME UP FROM NO. 6 IN THE CRESCENT 'ERE—AN' YER WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT!—NOT A MOSSER O' STUFFIN—AH, AN' NOT SO MUCH AS A SLICE O' LEMON!—AND (*with a sneer*) CALLS THEIRSELVES RESPECT'BLE PEOPLE, I'VE NO DOUBT!"



Delicacy.

Edwin (*as the Servant is present*). "AH—J'ETAY SEE—AH—DISAPPOINTAY DE NE FAS VOO YVOIRE A LA RINK CE MATTANG—FOOR-JWAW ESKEE—?"

Angelina. "AH WEE, MAIS MOMMONG—"

Parlour-Maid. "HEM! BEG YOUR PARDON, MISS; BUT I UNDERSTAND THE LANGVIDGE!"



"The Servants."

Mistress. "JANE, TELL COOK I'LL COME DOWN AND SEE WHAT SHE WANTS DONE TO THAT STOVE, AS THE BUILDER'S COMING TO-MORROW."

Jane. "O, PLEASE, 'UM, I DON'T THINK WE CAN AST YOU INTO THE KITCHING TO DAY, MUM, AS COOK AND ME'S GOT A SMALL AND EARLY 'AT OME' THIS AFTERNON, MUM!"



Retributive Justice.

Farmer (giving the Culprit a Box o' the Ear). "HOW DARE YOU BEAT THOSE GOSLINS, YOU YOUNG RASCAL? I SAW YOU!"

Boy. "Boo, oo, oo, WHAT FURR'D THEY GORS-CHICKS FEYTHUR BOITE OF WEN FURR!?"



"By the Card."

Pedestrian. "HOW FAR IS IT TO SLUDGECONBE, BOY?"

Boy. "WHY 'BOUT TWENTY 'UNDEED THEAUSAN' MILD 'F Y' GOO 'S Y'ARE AGOON' NOW, AN' 'BOUT HAIF A MILD 'F YOU TURN RIGHT REAOUND AN' GOO T' OTHER WAY!!"



In Jeopardy.

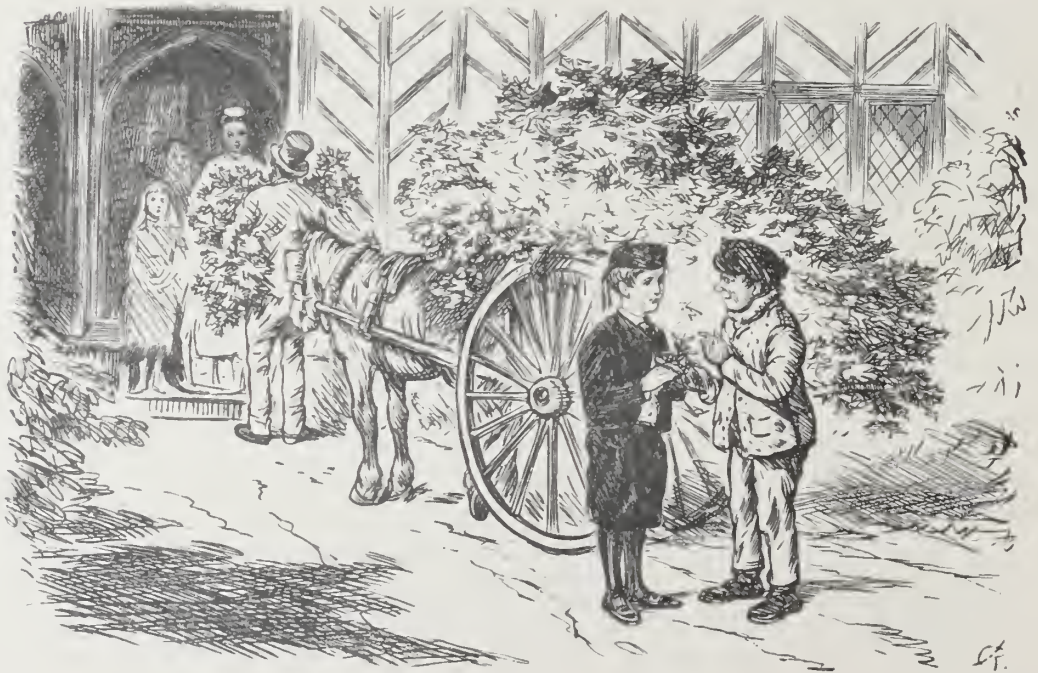
THE NEW BOY WAS ENJOINED TO BE VERY CAREFUL HOW HE CARRIED THE FIDDLE-CASE—"BY THE HANDLE, AND TO MIND NOT TO KNOCK IT AGAINST ANYTHING!" IMAGINE THE HORROR OF MR. PITSEY CARTER, HIS MASTER, WHO WAS FOLLOWING, TO COME UPON THE RASCAL, WITH THE INVALUABLE "JOSEPH" ON HIS HEAD, EXECUTING A PAS-SEUL OVER A SKIPPING-ROPE!!



Heresy

Mamma. "YOU KNOW WHO BUILT THE ARK, GEORGE?"
 George (promptly). "NOAH, 'MA."

Mamma. "AND WHAT DID HE BUILD IT FOR?"
 George (dubiously). "FOR LITTLE BOYS TO PLAY WITH, 'MA!"



"Oh, the Mistletoe Bough!"

Greengrocer, Jun. (to whom our Little Friend in Velvet had applied for a piece of Mistletoe for his own private diversion). "I VI. GOT YER A BIT, MASTER GEORGE. IF AIN'T A VLEY BIG PIECE, BUT THERRE'S LOTS O' BERRIES ON IT; AN' IT'S **THE BERRIES AN' DOFS IT!!!**"



Culture for the Working Classes.

Philanthropic Employer (who has paid his *Workpeople's* expenses to a neighbouring *Fine-Art Exhibition*). "WELL, JOHNSON, WHAT DID YOU THINK OF IT? 'PICK UP AN IDEA OR TWO?"

Foreman. "WELL, YER SEE, SIR, IT WERE A THIS WAY. WHEN US GOT THERE, WE WAS A CONSIDERIN' WHAT WAS BEST TO BE DONE, SO WE APPOINTED A DEPERTATION O' THREE ON US TO SEE WHAT IT WERE LIKE; AN' WHEN THEY COME OIT AN' SAID IT WERE ONLY PICTURS AN' SUCH, WE THOUGHT IT A PITY TO SPEND OUR SHILLINS ON 'EM. SO WE WENT TO THE TEA-GARDENS, AND WEREY] PLEASANT IF WERE, TOO. THANK YER KINDLY, SIR!"



A Casual Acquaintance

West-End Man (addressing, as he supposes, *Intelligent Meekanic*). "CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO THE MOORGATE STREET STATION?"

Seedy Party. "MO'RGATE STREET STATION, SIR! STRAIGHT ON, SIR, FUST TURNIN' T' THE RIGHT, AND IT'S JUST OPPOSITE. AND NOW, YOU'VE INTERDOOD THE SUBJECT, SIR, IF YOU COULD ASSIST ME WITH A TRIFLE, SIR, WHICH I'VE 'AD NOTHIN' TO EAT SINCE LAST FRIDAY—"

[*West-End Man* not having an answer ready, ferks out, and exit.



"Circumlocutory!"

Polite Coster (seeing *Smoke* issuing from *Brown's* coat-pocket). "YOU'LL EXCUSE ME ADDRESSIN' O' YOU, SIR,—COMMON MAN IN A MANNER O' SPEAKIN'—GEN'LEMAN LIKE YOU, SIR—BEGIN PARDON FOR TAKIN' THE LIBERTY, WHICH I SHOULD NEVER A' THOUGHT O' DOIN' UNDER ORDINARY SUCCESTANCES, SIR, ON'Y YOU DIDN'T SEEM TO BE AWARE OF IT, BUT IT STRUCK ME AS I SEE YOU A GOIN' ALONG, AS YOU WERE A-FIRE, SIR!"

[*By this time Brown's right coat-tail was entirely consumed. His fuzes had ignited by private arrangement among themselves.*



Alarming.

Buttons (as he burst into his Master's room on the night of Wednesday, the 7th: he had just seen that wonderful shooting star). "OH, PLEASE, SIR, THEM METEOR IS A GOIN' OFF AG'IN!"

Scientific Old Gent (startled out of his first sleep, and in misunderstanding the intelligence). "OH!—EH!—WEAT!—TURN IT OFF AT THE MAIN!"



Weights and Measures.

Valetudinarian (in the course of Conversation with cadaverous Passenger, whom he takes to be a *Dignitary of the Church*). "NOW, WHAT SHOULD YOU THINK WAS MY WEIGHT?"

Gentleman in Black. "WELL, SIR—LET ME SEE—YOU STAND ABOUT FIVE FEET ELEVEN, THIRTY INCHES ACROSS CHEST, AND WE'LL SAY ELEVEN INCHES DEEP—WELL, I SHOULD SAY, SPEAKING AT RANDOM, YOU WOULD 'LIFT' AT ABOUT ELLAVN SIX, AND THREI QUARTERS."

[Horror of Inequal—his fellow-passenger was an UNDERTAKER!]



"Small Mercies."

First Jolly Angler (with empty Creel). "WELL, WE'VE HAD A VERY PLEASANT DAY? WHAT A DELIGHTFUL PURSUIT IT IS!"

Second Ditto (with ditto). "GLORIOUS! I SHAN'T FORGET THAT NIBBLE WE HAD JUST AFTER LUNCH, AS LONG AS I LIVE."

Both. "AH!"



Tyranny.

First Rough. "WE'RE A GOIN' TO BE EDGICATED NOW, C'PULSORY, OR ELSE GO TO THE TREADMILL!"
Second Rough. "AH! NO VUNDER SO MANY FOOR PEOPLE'S A EMIGRATIN'!"



A Perfect Cure.

Town Man. "HOW JOLLY IT MUST BE, LIVING DOWN HERE IN THE COUNTRY!" **Country Gentleman.** "OH, I DON'T KNOW. IT'S RATHER TORPID SORT OF LIFE; TIME PASSES VERY SLOWLY." **Town Man.** "TIME PASSES SLOWLY! YOU SHOULD GET SOMEBODY TO DRAW OF YOU AT THREE MONTHS!"



In Consequence of the Tailors' Strike.

GEORGE AND THE GOVERNOR HAVE THEIR CLOTHES MADE AT HOME.

George. "ARE YOU SURE YOU TOOK MY RIGHT MEASURE, CHARLOTTE?" **Charlotte.** "OH, GEORGE, I'M SURE IT FITS BEAUTIFULLY!"



"As Well as Can be Expected."

Horsey Parish Doctor (*late for the Meet*). "WELL, MOTHER, AND HOW'S YOUR DAUGHTER, AND THE BARBY—POORELY, EH? AH, WELL, GIVE HIM A PINCH O' BRIMSTONE IN HIS PAP, AND I'LL LOOK IN TO-MORROW."



Penny Wise

National Schoolmaster (*going round with Government Inspector*). "WILKINS, HOW DO YOU BRING SHILLINGS INTO PENCE?"
Pupil. "PLEASE, SIR, 'TAKES IT ROUND TO THE PUBLIC'OUSE, SIR!"



Reminiscences.

Governess. "SHOW MR. SMITHES YOUR NEW DOLL, ADA."
Old Rustic. "AH—LOR!—DEARY ME, MUM, IF IT AIN'T THE VERY MORAL OF MY OLD WOMAN WHEN SHE WAS IN HER PRIME,!"



"Hoist with His Own 'Pomade'!"

Customer (*worried into it*). "WELL, I DON'T MIND TAKING A SMALL BOTTLE——"
Barber. "BETTER 'AVE A TWO SHILLIN' OKE, SIR; IT 'OLDS FOUR TIMES AS MUCH AS THE OTHER——"
Customer (*turning upon him*). "O, THEN IF I TAKE THIS SHILLING BOTTLE, I SHALL BE DOSE OUT OF HALF MY MONEY'S WORTH!
 THEN I WON'T HAVE ANY!" [Escapes in triumph!]



Distracting.

Customer. "WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THE BISHOP'S SERMON ON SUNDAY, MR. WIGSBY?"
Hairdresser. "WELL, REALLY, SIR, THERE WAS A GENT A-SETTIN' IN FRONT O' ME AS 'AD HIS 'AIR PARTED THAT CROOKED I COULDN'T 'EAR A WORD!"



A Compliment.

Hairdresser. "ANY OFF THE BEARD, SIR?"
Customer. "NO, THANK YOU. I'VE LATELY TRIMMED IT MYSELF."
Hairdresser. "INDEED, SIR! I SHOULD NOT HAVE THOUGHT ANY GENTLEMAN OUT OF THE PROFESSION COULD HAVE DONE IT SO WELL!"



XXX Cellent Reasons.

Fres and Independent (to wavering) Elector. "YOU DON'T ADMIRE HIS POLITICS? POLITICS BE BLOWED! LOOK AT HIS PRINCIPLES! THAT MAN ALLUS BREWS FIVE-AND-TWENTY BUSHELS TO THE HOGSHEAD!"



Sympathy.

Giles (ruefully). "WILLIAM, I'VE BEEN AN' GONE AN' 'LISTED!"
William. "LOK! 'AVE YER, THOUGH? GOT THE SHILLIN'!"
Giles. "YES."
William. "WELL, THEN, LET'S GO AN' 'AVE A GLASS AT THE 'BAR' ST-
 MOW! DON'T LET'S DE DOWNS'ARTED!"



Liberal to a Fault.

The Missus (affably). "MY 'USBAN'S OUT JUST NOW, SIR. CAN I GIVE HIM ANY MESSAGE?"
Liberal Candidate. "AH—I HAVE CALLED WITH THE HOPE THAT—AH—HE'D PROMISE ME HIS VOTE AT THE APPROACH——"
The Missus. "OH, YES, SIR. YOU'RE CAP'M BILKE, THE 'YALLOW,' I S'POSE, SIR! YES, I'M SURE HE'LL BE MOST 'APPY, SIR!"
The Captain (delighted). "YA-AS—I SHALL BE MUCH OBLIGED TO HIM—AND—AH—HE MAY DEPEND UPON MY——"
The Missus. "YES, I'M SURE HE'D PROMISE YOU IF HE WAS AT HOME, SIR; 'CAUSE WHEN THE TWO 'BLUE' GENTS CALLED AND AS'ED HIM THE OTHER DAY, SIR, HE PROMISED 'EM D'REC'LY, SIR!!"



Civil Service Miseries.

Mamma (who has been Shopping at the Co-Operative). "GOOD GRACIOUS, DEARS, WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THESE PARCELS?"
Youngest Daughter. "OH, PA' CAN TAKE THE LARGE ONE, MA', AND HE MIGHT CARRY SOME OF THE SMALL ONES IN HIS POCKETS!"
[Pa', who has been waiting outside, feels he's in for it.]



"Men were Deceivers Ever."

Swell (at the Civil Service Co-Operative Store). "HAW! I WANT TWO OR THREE POUNDS—BACON—AND—AW—BLIGE ME BY DOING IT UP LIKE BOX—GLOVES OR FLOWERS, OR SOMETHING O' THAT SORT!"



A Sinister Slip.

Smith. "HULLO, BROWN! 'BEEN FOR YOUR ANNUAL COLLIS— I MEAN YOUR ANNUAL EXCURSION, YET!"
[Brown was highly nervous, and this malign suggestion quite upset him. He spent his holiday at home.]



Force of Habit

City Merchant *blissfully dozing in his Country Church.* "SEASON TICKET"



"Alma Mater."

Young *Puncheonby* "cuts the Army, and goes to Oxford to read for "the Church."

Tutor. "YOU ARE PREPARED TO SUBSCRIBE TO THE THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES—"

Puncheonby (with alacrity). "AH 'TH PLEASH 'AH,—AH—HOW MU—CH—"



Embarrassing.

Nervous *Spinster* (to wary *Old Bachelor*). "OH, MR. MARBOLD, I'M SO FRIGHTENED! MAY I TAKE HOLD OF YOUR HAND WHILE WE'RE GOING THROUGH THIS TUNNEL!"



A Straightforward View

High Church Curate. "AND WHAT DO YOU THINK, MR. SIMISON, ABOUT CLEERGYMAN'S TURNING TO THE EAST?"

Literal Churchwarden. "WELL, SIR, MY OPINION IS, THAT IF THE CLEERGY MAN IS GOODLOOKIN', HE DON'T WANT TO TURN HIS BACK TO THE CONGREGATION!"



"The Better the Day." &c.

Rustic (to Curate who dabbles in Photography). "I'D BE TEE'LE MUCH OBLIGED, ZUR, IF YOU'D MAP OFF MY PICTUR', ZUR!"

Curate. "WELL, MY MAN, I'LL TAKE YOUR LIKENESS FOR YOU. WHEN WILL YOU COME?"

Rustic. "WELL, ZUR, IF YOU'VE NO 'BJECTIONS, I BE MOSTLY CLEANED UP AND HAS MOAST TIME O' ZUNDAY MORNINS, ZUR!"



A Distinction.

The "Good Parson" (to Applicant for Instruction in the Night School). "HAVE YOU BEEN CONFIRMED, MY BOY?"

Boy (hesitating). "PLEASE, SIR—I—DON'T KNOW—"

Parson. "YOU UNDERSTAND ME; HAS THE BISHOP LAID HIS HANDS ON YOU?"

Boy. "OH, NO, SIR; BUT HIS KEEPER HAVE, SIR—VERY OFTEN, SIR!"



Considerate.

Churchwarden. "TELL YE WHAT 'TIS, SIR. THE CONGREGATION DO WISH YOU WOULDN'T PUT THAT 'ERE CURATE UP IN PULPIT—NOBODY CAN'T HEAR UN."

Old Sporting Rector. "WELL, BLUNT THE FACT IS, TWEEDLER'S SUCH A GOOD FELLOW FOR PARISH WORK, I'M OBLIGED TO GIVE HIM A MOUNT SOMETIMES."



Rustic Recollections.

Boy. "PLEASE, PA-ARSON, MOTHER WANTS SOME SOUP."

The Rector. "BUT I TOLD YOUR MOTHER SHE MUST SEND SOMETHING TO PUT IT IN."

Boy. "OH, PLEASE, SHE 'VE SENT THIS YEAR PA ALL VOR 'EN, PA-ARSON!!"



Not a "Silver Lining" to a Cloud."

Adolphus (grudgily; he is giving his future brother-in-law a little dinner down the river). "WAITER, YOU CAN—AH—LEAVE US!"
Old Waiter. "HEM!—YESSIE—BUT—YOU'LL PARD'N ME, SIR—WE'VE SO MANY GENTS—DON'T WISH TO IMPUTE NOTHING, SIR—BUT MASTER—FACT IS, SIR—(evidently feels a delicacy about mentioning it)—WE'RE—YOU SEE, SIR—RESPONSIBLE FOR THE PLATE, SIR!!!"



"Whats in a Name?"

Walter (to nervous invalid). "THERE'S THE OLD CHURCH, SIR, CLO-S-E BY, BUT SOME VISITORS GOES TO ST. WOBBLER'S, SIR. THERE THE CLERGYMAN REACHES DISTEMPERY!!!"
 [Clearly not the place for him, the old gentleman thinks, with a shudder.]



A New Dish.

Sympathising Swell (waiting for some chicken). "YOU'VE GOT NO SINECURE HERE, THOMAS!"
Perspiring Footman. "VERY SORRY, SIR—JUST 'ELPED THE LAST OF IT AWAY, SIR!"



Our Artist

IS NOT IN THE BEST OF TEMIERS. HE HAS BEEN DISTURBED OPTEN BY BARGES, AND BOTHERED BY THE BLUEBOTTLES, AND THEN HE'S ACCOSTED BY WHAT APPEARS TO HIM IN THIS IRRITABLE MOOD TO BE AN

Art-Critic (*log*) "THE PICTURE LOOKS BETTER A GOODISH BIT OFF, GOV'NOR!"

Artist (*naaddenst*). "COS—FOUND—SO TO YOU, SIR!"

[Party makes off hastily, "not liking the looks of him."]



Hunting Idiot,

RETURNING FROM THE CHASE, PROPOSES TO "CHAFF THAT ARTIST FELLER"

Huntsman. "WHAT'LL YER TAKE ME FOR, GOV'NOR?"

Painter (*without the slightest hesitation*). "A Snob!"



Boxing Day.

(Mrs. Bustleton's favourite Cabman has called for his usual Christmas-Eve in a state of — never mind.)

Mrs. B. "OH, SAWYER, I'M SURPRISED—I THOUGHT YOU SUCH A STEADY MAN! I'M SORRY TO SEE YOU GIVEN TO DRINK!"
 Sawyer. "BEG Y' PAR'N MUM, NO SH 'RING MUM (*hic*). DRINK 'ASH G'IM T' ME, MUM, 'SH MOEN'N, MUM!"



An Old Offender.

Country Gentleman (eyeing his Gardener suspiciously). "DEAR, DEAR ME, JEFFRIES, THIS IS TOO BAD! AFTER WHAT I SAID TO YOU YESTERDAY, I DIDN'T THINK TO FIND YOU——"

Gardener. "YOU CAN'T SHAY—(*hic*)—I WASH DRUNK YESHT'DAY, SH——!"

Country Gentleman (sternly). "ARE YOU SOBER THIS MOENING, SIR?"

Gardener. "I'M—SHLIGHTLY SHOBER, SHIR!!"



Irrevocable.

Customer (for the Royal Wedding photograph). "CAN'T I HAVE THE LADY ONLY? I DON'T SO MUCH WANT THE GENTLEMAN!!"

Young Person (with decision). "NO, SIR; WE CAN'T PART THEM, SIR, NOW!"



Mrs. Jingleton. Learning that Young M Skirlygy

(FROM WHOSE FAMILY SHE RECEIVED SUCH POLITENESS WHEN SHE WAS IN THE HIGHLANDS) WAS IN TOWN, AND HAVING HEARD SO MUCH OF HIS PLAYING, ASKS HIM TO ONE OF HER LITTLE PARTIES FOR CLASSICAL MUSIC, AND HOPES HE WILL 'OBLIGE' DURING THE EVENING.—HA! HA! SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HIS INSTRUMENT WAS!



Arcadian Amenities.

Little Rustic (after a "game" struggle, evidently overweighted). "OH, PLEASE, HELP US ALONG 'ITH THIS LINEN UP TO MOTHER'S—"

Amiable Swell (aghast). "EH! OH, RIDICULOUS—HOW CAN I?—LOOK HERE, I'VE GOT A BAG—HEAVY BAG—TO CARRY MYSELF—"

Little Rustic. "I'LL CARRY YOUR BAG, SIR." **Swell** "EH—BUT (to gain time) WH—WHAT'S YOUR MOTHER'S ABSURD NAME!" [This did not help him much. There was no escape; and ultimately—but we draw a veil over the humiliating sequel.



A Big Fish.

Artful Damsel (who has made a successful divorce). "O, LORD FEUBIGGIN, HOWEVER SHALL I MANAGE—"

Lord Feubiggin (caught, too). "PRAY LET ME SHOW YOU! ALL DEPENDS ON HOW YOU PLAY YOUR FISH!" [We betray confidence for once. This Picture comes from a Letter sent by a newly-married Lady (now of title), to a particular Friend of hers, and is called a "Reminiscence of Scotland." Perhaps our Readers can guess at the Story—we cannot.]



The Pic-Nic

Playful Widow. "JUMP ME DOWN, MR. FIGGINS!!"

[The gallant little Man did his best, but fell—in her estimation for ever!]

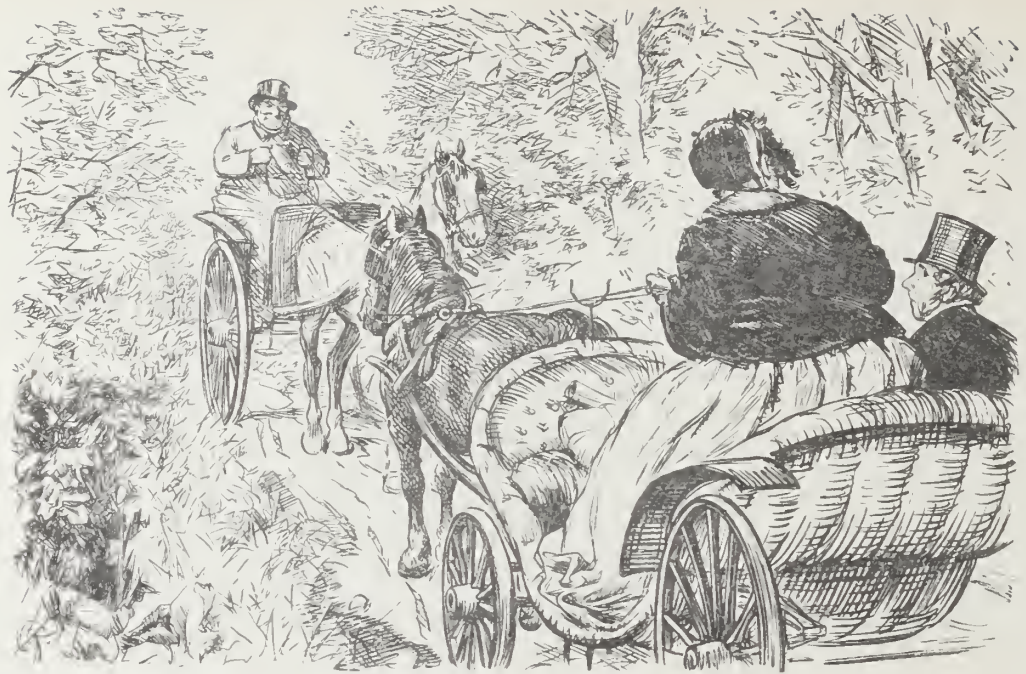


Artful - Very!

Mary. "DON'T KEEP A SCREOGUIN' O' ME, JOHN!"

John. "WH'OI DEAN'T A SCREOGUIN' ON YER!"

Mary (*ingenuously*). "WELL, Y' CAN I' Y' LIKE, JOHN"



"The Grey Mare!"

Mrs. B. "N, BROWN, I WOULD HAVE THE PONY LACKED! NO! THAT PERSON MUST HAVE SEEN US COME INTO THE LAST FUST; AND IF HE MANS—GOMES, FOLLINGS—"

Mr. B. "BUT, M' DEAR, YOU'VE NEVER SEEN THE—"

Mrs. B. "I DON'T CARE, BROWN! NO! I WON'T GO BACK, IF I STAY HERE TILL—"

Farmer "ALL RIGHT, SIR!—I'LL LOOK, SIR. I'VE GOT JUST SUCH ANOTHER TAVENY AT HOME, SIR!"



How We Arrange Our Little Dinners.

Mistress. "OH, COOK, WE SHALL WANT DINNER FOR FOUR THIS EVENING. WHAT DO YOU THINK, BESIDES THE JOINT, OF ON-TAIL SOUP, LOBSTER PATES, AND AN ENTRÉE—SAY, PEEF?"

Cook. "YES, M—FRESH, OR AUSTR—?"

Mistress. "LET'S SEE? IT'S ONLY THE BROWNS—TINNED WILL DO!"



Conclusive

Lodger. "I DETECT RATHER A DISAGREEABLE SMELL IN THE HOUSE, MRS. JONES. ARE YOU SURE THE DRAINS—"

Welsh Landlady. "OH, IT CAN'T BE THE DRAINS, SIR, WHATEVER. THERE ARE NONE, SIR!"



Our Manœuvres.

Captain of Skirmishers (rushing in to seize *Picket Sentinels of the Enemy*). "HULLO! HE-AR! YOU SURRENDER TO THIS COMPANY!"
Opposition Lance-Corporal. "BEG PARDON, SIR! IT'S THE OTHER WAY, SIR. WE'RE A BRIGADE, SIR!!!"



"Our Reserves,"—The Battle of Amesbury.

Aide-de-Camp. "GOOD GRACIOUS, SIR! WHY DON'T YOU ORDER YOUR MEN TO LIE DOWN UNDER THIS HILL? CAN'T YOU SEE THAT BATTERY PLAYING RIGHT ON THEM?"
Colonel of Volunteers. "SO I DID, SIR. BUT THEY WON'T LIE DOWN. THEY SAY THEY WANT TO SEE THE REVIEW!!!"



A Little Failing.

Nervous Old Lady. "Now, CABMAN, YOU'RE SURE YOUR HORSE IS QUIET? WHAT'S HE LAYING BACK HIS EARS LIKE THAT FOR? LOOK!"

Cabby. "O THAT'S ONLY HER FEM-MINE CURIOSITY, MUM. SHE LIKES TO HEAR WHELE SHE'S A GOIN' TO!"



The Connoisseurs.

Groom. "WHEW'S BEER DO YOU LIKE BEST—THIS 'ERE HOM'BREWED O' FISK'S, OR THAT THERE ALE THEY GIVES YER AT THE WHITE HO'S?"

Keeper (critically). "WELL, O' THE TEW I PREFERS THIS 'ERE. THAT THERE O' WUM'OOD'S DON'T FARE TO ME TO TASTE O' NAWITHUN AT ALL. NOW THIS 'ERE DEW TASTE O' THE CASK!!!"



"Io Bacche!

Jeames. "MORNIN', MR. JARVICE. WHAT'S THE NEWS?"

Mr. J. (the old Coachman). "WELL, I'VE 'EARD THE BEST BIT O' NEWS THIS MORNIN' AS I'VE 'EARD FOR MANY A DAY, FROM OUR BUTLER. HE TELL ME THE WIN'YARDS IS 'A COMIN' ROUND,' AND THERE'S EVERY PROSPEC' OF OUR GETTIN' SOME MORE GOOD MADEIRY!!!"



A Veteran.

Civil Service Captain. "WILL—HE—AH—STAND POW-DAR?"

Dealer. "'POWDER?' WHY HE WAS ALL THROUGH THE BATTLE O' WATERLOO THAT CHARGER WAS!!"



"What's the Odds?"

Purchaser. "HE'S RATHER HEAVY ABOUT THE HEAD, ISN'T HE?"

Dealer (can't deny it). "WELL, SIR! (Happy thought.) BUT Y'SEE, SIR, HE'LL HEV TO CARRY IT HISSSELF!"



"There's Many a Slip" &c.

WAGGLES SAW A FRIEND THRE' SEND TROUT FEEDING IN A QUIET PLACE ON THE THAMES ONE EVENING LAST WEEK. DOWN HE COMES THE NEXT NIGHT, MAKING SUE OF HIM. BUT SOME OTHER PEOPLE HAD SEEN HIM TOO!!



Lingua "East Anglia."

First Angler (to Country Boy). "I SAY, MY LAD, JUST GO TO MY FRIEND ON THE BRIDGE THERE, AND SAY I SHOULD BE MUCH OBLIGED TO HIM IF HE'D SEND ME SOME BAIT."

Country Boy (to Second Angler, in the Eastern Counties language). "THA' THERE BO' SAHY HE WANT A WEEBUM!"



A Luxurious Habit

Philanthropist to Railway Porter. "THEN WHAT TIME DO YOU GET TO BED?"

Porter. "WILL, I SELDOM WHAT YER MAY CALL GETS TO BED MYSELF, 'CAUSE O' THE NIGHT TRAINS. BUT MY BROTHER, AS USED TO WORK THE PINTS FURTHER DOWN THE LINE, WENT TO BED LAST CHRISTMAS AFTER THE ACCIDENT, AND NEVER——"

[Train rushes in, and the Parties rush off.]



The Golden Age Restored.

Young Lady (Through Passenger, at West Riding Station). "WHAT'S GOING ON HERE TO-DAY, PORTER? HAS THERE BEEN A FÊTE?"
Porter (astonished). "BLESS THEE, LASS! THERE'S NEA FEIGHTIN' NOO-A-DAYS; 'T'S AGIN 'T' LA-AW!—NOBBUT A FLOOR-SHOW!"



"No Accounting for Taste."

Materfamilias (just arrived at Sirinpeville—the Children had been down a Month before). "WELL, JANE, HAVE YOU FOUND IT DULL?" Nurse. "IT WAS AT FUST, M'M. THERE WAS NO THINK TO IMPROVE THE MIND, M'M, TILL THE NIGGERS COME DOWN!"



Sold Cheap.

Little Brown (to "Nigger Minstrel," who a'ways addresses his listeners as "My Lord"). "AH, HOW DID YOU KNOW MY—AH—HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS A LORD?" [Sensation among the bystanders!]

Minstrel. "BLESS YER, MY LORD, I NEVER LOSE SIGHT O' MY SCHOOLFELLERS!"

[Roars of laughter. *Little B.* caves in, and bolts!]



Selling Him a Pennyworth.

Philanthropist. "THERE'S A PENNY FOR YOU, MY LAD. WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH IT?"

Sweeper. "WHAT ALL THIS AT ONCE! I'LL TOSS YER FOR IT, DOUBLE OR QUILTS!"



A Change for the Better.

Greengrocer. "WANT A PENN'ORTH O' COALS, DO YER? YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO 'AVE A PENN'ORTH MUCH LONGER. THEY'BE A GOING UP. COALS IS COALS NOW, I CAN TELL YER!"

Boy. "AH, WELL, MOTHER 'LL BE GLAD O' THAT, 'CAUSE SHE SAYS THE LAST COALS SHE HAD O' YOU WAS ALL SLATES!"



Colloquial Equivalents.

Papa. "NOW, MY DEAR GIRLS, YOUR BROTHER IS RECEIVING A MOST EXPENSIVE EDUCATION, AND I THINK THAT WHILE HE IS AT HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS YOU SHOULD TRY TO LEARN SOMETHING FROM HIM"

Emily. "SO WE DO, 'PA. WE'VE LEARNT THAT A BOY WHO CRIES IS A 'BLUB,' THAT A BOY WHO WORKS HAED IS A 'SWOT'—"

Flora. "YES, AND THAT ANYBODY YOU DON'T LIKE IS A 'CAD;,' AND WE KNOW THE MEANING OF 'GRUB,' 'PHOG,' AND A 'WAX'—"



"The Meat Supply."

Bathing-Man. "YES, MUM, HE'S A GOOD OLD 'ORSE YET. AND HE'S BEEN IN THE SALT WATER SO LONG, HE'LL MAKE CAPITAL BILED BEEF WHEN WE'RE DONE WITH HIM!!!"



"Tracts."

First Navy. "THE NEW MISSIONARY GAVE ME THIS 'ERE TRACT JUST NOW, BILL."

Second Navy. "AIN'T SEEN HIM. WHAT LOIKE IS HE?"

First Navy. "LITTLE CHAP—PRACHES ABOUT FISH SUN FISH, I SHOULD GUESS!"



"A Ticket of Leave"

Swell (who won't be done). "H'YARS MY KYARD IF YOU'D—AH—LIKE TO SEMMON ME."

Cabby (who has pulled up and heard the dispute). "DON'T YOU TAKE IT, BILL. IT'S HIS TICKET O' LEAVE!"



A Pleasant Prospect.

Traveller (in Ireland). "Hi,—pull her up, Man! Don't you see the MARE IS RENNING AWAY!"

Paddy. "HOLD TIGHT, YEE OSOR! FOR YEE LIFE DON'T TOUCH THE REINS!—SURE THEY'ER AS BOTTEN AS PRAES! I'LL TURN HER INTO THE RIVER AT THE BRIDGE BELOW HERE. SURE THAT'LL STOP HER, THE BLAGYARD!"



Reassuring.

Traveller in Ireland (rheumatic, and very particular). "NOW, I HOPE THE SHEETS ARE CLEAN!"

Kathleen (the Chambermaid). "CLANE, SOR? SHURE THEY'RE JUST DAMP FLOM THE MANGLE, SOR!"



Woman's Rights.

Scotch Lady (who has taken a House in the Highlands, her Servants suddenly giving "warning"). "WHAT'S THE REASON OF THIS? HAVE YOU NOT ALL YOU WANT!—GOOD ROOMS, AND GOOD FRESH AIR AND FOOD, AND EASY WORK?"

Spokeswoman. "YES, MEN—BUT—BUT THERE'S NO A DECENT LAAD WITHIN CRY O' US!"



"Canny."

Sportsman. "THAT'S A TOUGH OLD FELLOW, JEMMY!"

Keeper. "AY, SIR, A GRAND BIRD TO SEND TO YOUR FRIENDS!"



Stern Pulpit Critics.

First Scot. "FAT SORT O' MINISTER HAE YE GOTTEN, GEORDIE?"

Second Ditto. "OH, WEE, HE'S NO BUCKLE WORTH. WE SELDOM GET A GINT O' HIM. SAN DAYS O' TH' WEEK HE'S ENVEP'S'BLE, AND ON THE SEVENTH HE'S ENCOMPREHENS'BLE!"



The Commissariat.

Squire (to new Butler). "I HAVE THREE OR FOUR CLERGYMEN COMING TO DINE WITH ME TO-MORROW, PRODGERS, AND——"

Mr. Prodgers. "'IGH OR LOW, SIR?"

Squire. "WELL—I HARDLY—— BUT WHY DO YOU ASK, PRODGERS?"

Mr. Prodgers. "WELL, YOU SEE, SIR, THE 'IGH' DRINKS MOST WINE, AND THE 'LOW' EATS MOST VITTLES, AND I MUST PERWIDE ACCORDIN'!!"



Duty and Pleasure.

Rural Butler (deferentially). "AND WHAT DO YOU THINK OF OUR COUNTRY QUALITY DOWN HERE, SIR?"

Town Gentleman ("in waiting" to Lord Marybone, who was visiting the Squire).

"WELL, 'F COURSE, YOU SEE, SMITHARS, I DON'T MIND WAITIN' ON 'EM.—BUT—'CAN'T SAY I SHOULD CARE TO SIT DOWN WITH 'EM'!!!"



"Business!"

Bath-Chairman. "I S'POSE THE DUKE OF EDINBORO' AND HIS MISSIS WILL BE BY DIRECTLY?"

Policeman. "NO, THEY WON'T. THEY AIN'T IN TOWN."

Bath-Chairman. "AIN'T THEY?—I SAY, IF THAT OLD LADY IN MY CHAIR ASTS YOU, SAY 'YOU DON'T KNOW,' 'CAUSE SHE'S A WAITIN' TO SEE 'EM, AN' I'M ENGAGED BY THE HOUR!"



Sacrifice.

Good Templar. "TUT—T—T—REALLY, SWIZZLE, IT'S DISGRACEFUL TO SEE A MAN IN YOUR POSITION IN THIS STATE, AFTER THE EXPENSE WE'VE INCURRED AND THE EXERTIONS WE'VE USED TO PUT DOWN THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC!"

Swizzle. "Y' MAY PRESH AS MUSH AS Y' LIKE, GEN'L'M'N, BUR I CAN TELL Y' I'VE MADE MORE PERS'NAL EFFORSH TO (*hic*) PURLOWN LIQUOR THAN ANY OF Y'!"



Extenuating Circumstances.

Employer (on his way to business on Monday morning). "AH, SAUNDERS! I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU IN THIS WAY. I THOUGHT YOU'D TURNED OVER A NEW LEAF!"

Saunders (repentant). "SHO I'AD, SHIB, BUR (*hic*) 'TSH ALL ALONG O' THESE 'DEP' WATER COMPANIES I SHURE YOU, SHIB, I WASN'T 'DEEP O' WATER IN OER SHIBBEN ALL YESTERDAY!!!"



A Definition.

Shoeblick (pointing to Unsteady Party by the lamp-post). "TEA-TOTALLEE ON 'THE STRIKE,' SIE!"



Mystification.

Our young Landscape Painter's Preparations are Regarded with Intense Interest by the Village Juveniles, who excitedly expect a Gymnastic Entertainment—he frames an Imaginary Picture with his Hands.

Omnes. "HE'S A GOIN' TO SAY HIS PRAYERS FUST!!"



Obliging.

Excursionist (to himself). "ULLO! 'ERE'S ONE O' THEM ARTISTS. 'DESSAY 'E'LL WANT A GENTLE FIGGER FOR 'IS FOREGROUND. I'LL STAND FOR 'EM!!!"



Our Theatricals.

Brown (rehearsing his part as the "Vicomte de Chersac"). "YAS, MARIE! I'VE FONDLY LOVED YE. (Sobs dramatically) 'TIS WELL BUT NO MAT-TAR-E!"

Housemaid (to Cook, outside the Door). "LAWKS, 'LIZ'PETH, AIN'T MAJTER A GIVIN' IT TO MISSIS!"



Flattering.

Housemaid (to Cook, behind the laurels). "HE'S A HAFFABLE YOUNG MAN, THAT CAPTAIN LIMBER, MISSUS'S BROTHER. HOW BECOMIN' HE'D LOOK IN OUR LIVERY, WOULDN'T HE?"



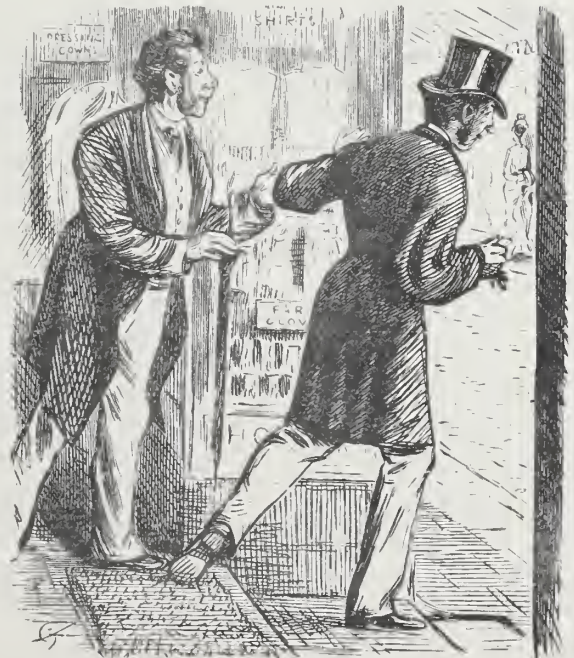
Comparisons.

Barber. "'AIR'S EXTRAORDINARY DEW, SIR. (*Customer explains he has been in the 'country, and out o' doors a good deal.*) AH! JUST SO, SIR. RUINATION TO THE 'AIR, SIR! IF I WAS TO BE KNOCKIN' ABOUT 'UNTING AND FISHIN', LOB', SIR, MY 'AIR WOULDN'T BE IN NO BETTER STATE THAN YOURS, SIR!!"



Delicately Put.

Customer. "I'M AFRAID I'M GETTING A LITTLE BALD!"
Operator. "WELL, SIR, I THINK, SIR, WHEN YOU ATTEND PUBLIC WUSHIP, IF I WAS YOU, I'D SIT IN THE GALLERY."



A Rash Refusal.

Customer (*flying from Importunate Tradesman*). "NO, THANK YOU, NOTHING MORE, REALLY! NOT ANOTHER ARTICLE, THANK YOU! GOOD MORNING!"
[Escapes—ha! ha! refusing his own Umbrella!]



A Guilty Conscience.

Country Parson (*to hard-drinking Old Parper*). "WHY, SURELY, MUGGRIDGE, YOU WERE DECEASED LAST WEEK FROM THE COM-
MUNION ARMS!"

Muggridge. "COMMUNION ARMS, SIR! 'S TRUE! I STAND HERE, NEVVA WAS INSIDE THE 'OUSE IN ALL MY LIFE, SIR! NEVVA
BELIEVE O' IT, SIR!"



Equal to the Situation.

The Parson. "WELL, LIZZIE, YOUR MOTHER'S COME OUT OF PRISON, I HEAR. HOW IS SHE NOW?"

Lizzie. "O, THANKY, SIR, SHE'S EV' SOMUCH BETTER. SHE'VE HAD CAPITAL TIMES IN THERE. FATHER'S OUT O' WORK, AND RATHER POOLLY, SO HE GOT TOOK UP LAST NIGHT!"



The Convalescent.

New Curate (*boldly*). "MY GOOD MAN, WHAT INDUCED YOU TO SEND FOR ME?"

Oldest Inhabitant. "WHAT DOES HE SAY, BETTY?"

Betty. "SAYS WHAT THE DEUCE DID YOU SEND FOR HIM, FOR!!"



Awkward!

Literal Servant Girl (to Brown, who was calling for the first time on the Dilworths). "PLEASE, SIR, YOUR CABMAN SAY HE DON'T HALL LIKE THE LOOK OF THIS HEEF HALF-CROWN YOU'VE GIVE HIM!!"



"Suit Your Talk to Your Company."

Mrs. Clovermead. "AND, DAN, YOU'LL BEING THE TRAP—(recollecting herself—her fashionable Cousin, from London, is on a Visit at the Farm)—WE SHALL WANT THE CARRIAGE TO DRIVE INTO THE TOWN AFTER LUNcheon, DANIEL."

Daniel. "YES, MUM—(hesitating—he had noticed the correction)—BE I—(in a loud whisper)—BE I TO CHANGE MY TROUSERS, MUM!!"



Silly Suffolk (?) Pastorals. Reciprocity.

Parson. "I HAVE MISSED YOU FROM YOUR PEW OF LATE, MR. STUBBINGS—"

Farmer (apologetically). "WELL, SIR, I HEV' BEEN TO MEET'N' LATELY. BUT—Y' SEE, SIR, THE REVEREND MR. SCOWLES O' THE CHAPEL, HE BOUGHT SOME PIGS O' ME, AND I THOUGHT I OUGHT TO GI' 'M A TARN!"



Lapsus Linguæ.

Our Athletic Curate (who, with the young men of his parish, had been victorious in a great match the day before; please forgive him this once, only.)
"HE-AR ENDETH THE FIRST INNINGS!"



The Archery Meeting.

Curate (to Fair Stranger). "I PERCEIVE YOU ARE NOT A TOXOJHILITE!"
Fair Stranger (promptly). "OH DEAR NO! 'CHURCH OF ENGLAND,' I ASSURE YOU!"



Grandilquence

Captain of Schooner. "WHAT 'N YOU GOT THERE, PAT?"

Pat. (who has been laying in some Firewood and Potatoes). "TIMBER AND FRUIT, YER HONOUR!"



Levelling Up.

Sub. (just arrived by rail), "HOW MUCH TO THE BARRACKS?"

Car-Driver. "AH, SHURE THIN, CAPTIN, THE MANEST OV 'EM GIVES ME T'REE AND SIXPENCE!"



Rural Simplicity

"BEEN TO S'CHOOL, LASSIE LASSIE!"

"AY, SIR."

"GOOD GIRL—THERE'S A PENNY FOR YOU!"

"THANK YOU, SIR. I'LL HAE TO BE STEPPIN'—BUT AWM GAUN TO SKEULL I THE MORNIN'—WULL YE BE THIS WAY I' THE EFTERNIN'?"



Catechism under Difficulties.

Free Kirk Elder (preparatory to presenting a Tract). "MY FRIEND, DO YOU KNOW THE CHIEF END OF MAN?"

Piper (innocently). "NA, I BINNA MIND THE CHIEF! CAN YE NO WHU'EF?"



In Vino Memoria

Major Portsoken (a pretty constant Guest). "I SAY, BUCHANAN, THIS ISN'T—(another sip—THE SAME CHAMPAGNE—!)"

Scotch Butler. "NA, THAT'S A' DUNE! THERE WAS THIRTY DIZZEN; AND YE'VE HAD YERE SHARE O' T. MAJOR!"



Mind and Matter.

Augustus (*poetical*). "LOOK, EDITH! HOW LOVELY ARE THOSE FLEECY CLOUDLETS DAPPLED OVER THE —"
Edith (*prosaic*). "YES. 'XACTLY LIKE GRAVY WHEN IT'S GETTING COLD. ISN'T IT?'"!!



Perspective!"

IN CRITICISING AND CORRECTING HIS PRETTY COUSIN'S PERSPECTIVE, OF COURSE FREDERICK'S FACE MUST BE AS NEARLY AS POSSIBLE IN THE SAME PLACE AS HERS!—TABLEAU!—PA (IN THE BACKGROUND) IS EVIDENTLY MAKING UP HIS MIND TO SEE ABOUT THIS! *Note. Field hasn't a rap!*



Those Dreadful Boys'

Algernon. "AND, DEAREST, IF THE DEVOTION OF A LIFE——" (*At this moment his hat is knocked over his eyes by a common Starfish, or Five-fingers (Asterias rubens, thrown, with considerable force and precision, by one of those high-spirited little fellows her younger brothers, TOMMY and BERTIE!!!*)



Profanation.

Gent. "I LEFT A LOCK OF HAIR HERE A FEW DAYS AGO TO BE FITTED IN A LOCKET, IS IT—AH—READY!"
Artiste. "VERY SORRY, SIR, IT HAS BEEN MISLAID. BUT IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE, SIR—WE CAN EASILY GET IT MATCHED, SIR."!!



"Turn About."

George. "I SAY, TOM, DO TAKE CARE! YOU NEARLY SHOT MY FATHER THEN!"

Tom. "SH! DON'T SAY ANYTHING, THERE'S A GOOD FELLOW! TAKE A SHOT AT MINE!!"



Making Things Pleasant

Irishman (to English Sportsman). "IS IT THROUTS? BE JABERS, THE WATTHER 'O STIFF WID 'EM!!!"

[*"Regardless of strict truth, in his love of hyperbole and generous desire to please," as our Friend recorded in his Diary after a blank day.*]



Angling Extraordinary

Customer (in a great hurry). "A SMALL BOX OF GENTLES, PLEASE. AND LOOK SHARP! I WANT TO CATCH A 'BUS'!!"



"Happy Thought."

Mistress (who had come down to see about the Bass Voice she had heard in the Kitchen—Guard's man discovered). "O, YOU DECEITFUL GIRL, TO SAY THERE WAS NOBODY HERE! AND AFTER I'D GIVEN YOU DISTINCTLY TO UNDERSTAND I DIDN'T ALLOW 'FOLLOWERS', AND HERE, YOU HAVEN'T BEEN HERE A WEEK——"

Cook. "LAUKS, M'M, IT MUST BE ONE O' THE FOLLERERS AS THE LAST COOK LEFT DE'ND 'ER!"



Romance of the Kitchen

Cook (from the Area). "O, 'LIZA, GI ME MY WINIGRETTIE—I'VE 'AD AN OFFER—FRAM THR DUSTMAN!"



"Compliments of the Season."

Comely Housemaid. "O, MR. JAMES, I'M SO FRIGHTENED IN THE RAILWAY I SUPPOSE THE BILER WAS TO BUST!"

Mr. James. "THEN, MY DEAR, YOU'D BE A SINGIN' AMONG THE ANGELS IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES!"



"Ready!"

Emily. "WHAT'S CAPITAL PUNISHMENT, MAMMA?"

Master Harry. "WHY, BEING LOCKED UP IN THE PANTRY! I SHOULD CONSIDER IT SO."



Dear, Dear Boy!

George. "OH! SHOULDN'T I JUST LIKE TO SEE SOMEBODY IN THAT DEN, AUNT!"

Serious Aunt. "YE-ES. DANIEL, I SUPPOSE, DEAR?"

George. "OH NO, AUNT; I MEAN 'OLD TWIGSBY,' OUR HEAD-MASTER!!"



"Brother Brush"

Ship Painter. "NICE DEYIN' WEATHER FOR OUR BUSINESS, AIN'T IT, SIR?"

Amateur (disconcerted), "Y-A-A-S!"—

[Takes a dislike to the painter.]



The Compliments of the (Sketching) Season."

Papa. "THERE, HENRY! IF YOU COULD DO LIKE THAT, I'D HAVE YOU TAUGHT DRAWING, MY BOY!"



A Pleasant Prospect.

English Tourist. "I SAY, LOOK HERE. HOW FAR IS IT TO THIS GLENSTARVIT? THEY TOLD US IT WAS ONLY——"

Native. "ABOUT FOUR MILES."

Tourist (aghast). "ALL BOG LIKE THIS?"

Native. "EH—H—THIS IS JUST NAETHIN' TILL'T'!"



Compliments of the Season.

Squire (who interests himself with the Moral and Material Condition of his Peasantry). "HULLO, WOODRUFF! WHAT AN EYE YOU'VE GOT! HOW DID YOU GET THAT?"

Labourer. "O, IT'S NAWTHIN' PARTIC'LAR, SIR. LAST NIGHT—AT THE WHITE 'ARD, SIR. BUT—(in *celebration*)—CHRISTMASH TIME, SIR—ON'Y ONCE A YEAR!"



Two Sides to a Question.

Squire. "YOUR NAME SMITH?"

Smith. "YESSIR."

Squire. "AH, I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE THE MAN WHO GIVES SO MUCH TROUBLE TO MY KEEPERS!"

Smith. "AN YER PARDON, SQUIRE, YOUR KEEPERS IS MUCH MORE TROUBLE TO ME!"



Suspicion'

Stout Visitor (on discovering that, during his usual Nap after Luncheon, he has been subjected to a grossly personal Practical Joke). "IT'S ONE OF THOSE DASHED ARTISTS THAT ARE STAYING AT THE 'LORD NELSON' 'A' DONE THIS, I KNOW!"



Depression.

SCENE—The Exchange, Industrial Centre.
First Commercial Man (dryly), "MORNIN'!"
Second ditto (coldly), "MORNIN'!"
First C. M. (hopelessly), "OWT?"
Second ditto (monotonously), "NOW!"
First C. M. (glumly), "MORNIN'!"
Second ditto (desperately), "MORNIN'!"

[The part.



Reductio ad Absurdum.

Stout Party (the first time he went for his Dividends since his Aunt left him that Legum). "WHERE DO YOU GO FOR THESE DIVIDEND WARRANTS?"
Bank Beadle. "WHAT STOCK, SIR?"
Stout Party. "WELL, THREE PER CENT. SOMETHING"—(the word stuck in his throat).
Bank Beadle. "Ah!"—(giving him the Information, and saying the word for him)—REDOCED, Sir!"

[Stout Party sighs, and exits.



"The More Haste the Less Speed."

Intelligent Peasant (who has been overlooking our Artists with much interest). "YAR MATE'S A STAININ' O' HIS'N A'READY, SIR!"



The Point of View.

Tomkins (he has heard his friend Stodge talk so much about that lovely spot Wobbl' swick, whither he was going sketching, that he was induced to accompany him. A day has elapsed, and he is awaking to the horror of his situation!). "SEEMS TO ME AN INFERN— I CALL IT RATHER A DULL PLACE!"

Stodge. "DULL, MY DEAR FELLOW! HOW CAN YOU SAY SO? LOOK AT THIS BEAUTIFUL BREEZY COMMON! AND THE LINES OF THOSE OLD HOUSES ON THE BEACH, BREAKING THE HORIZON, AND THE COLOUR! AND THE JOLLY QUIET OF THE PLACE! NONE O' YOUR BEASTLY BARREL-ORGANS OR GAPING TOURISTS SWARMING ABOUT! I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE IT!!"



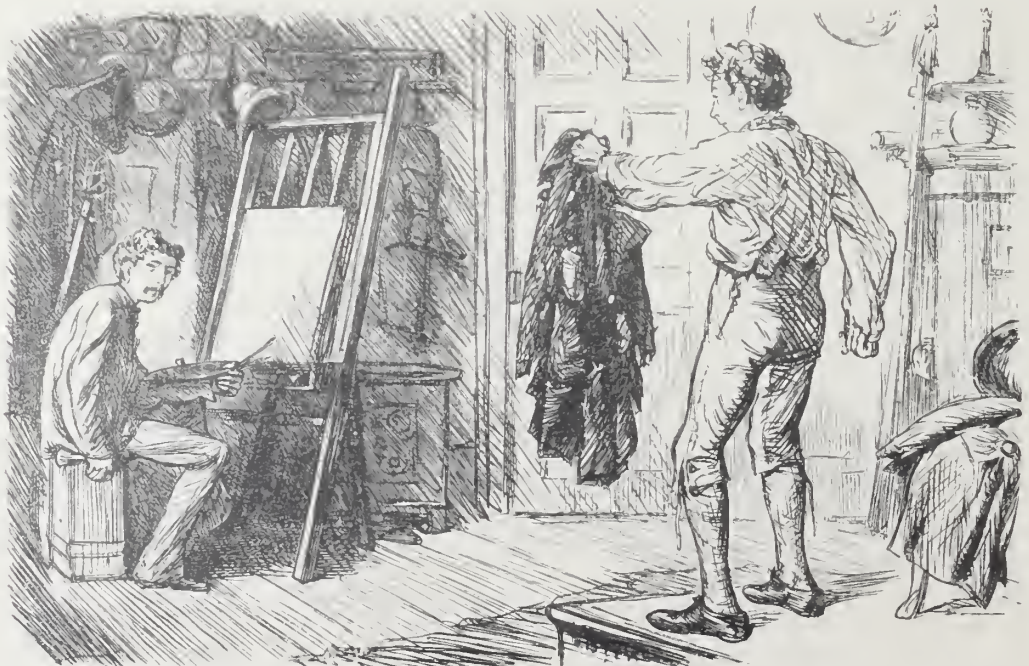
"Lucus a Non" &c

Visitor: "How long has your Master been away?"
 Irish Footman: "Well, Sor, if he'd come Home yistherday, he'd a' let'n g' me a Wake to-morrow; but by he doesn't till in the Day after, sure he'll a' been away a Foreigner next Thursday!"



Hyperbole.

Saxon Sportsman: "Any Snipe about here, my Man?"
 Pat: "Snipes, is it!! FAIX, they're generally jostlin' 'ach other hereabouts!"



Real Irish Grievance.

Irish Model (requested to put on with a dilapidated costume): "THE BLISSED SAINTS DIRECT ME INTO THIS COAT, SOR!"



Our Inspection.

Lieutenant-Colonel. "HELLO! CONFOUND IT! THERE'S A MAN BLOWING HIS NOSE—AND WITH A POCKET HANDKERCHIEF, TOO!
TUT-T-T-T!"



Hunting Appointments.

Scientific Colonel. "ARE YOU GOING TO THE 'KRIEGSPIEL' TO-MORROW?"

Cavalry Sub. (*Hunting Man*). "AUGH! THINK NOT, SIR. AUGH! MEET THE-ALL, DO THEY! NEVER HEARD OF THE PLACE! WHERE ON EARTH IS I—T?"!!



Encouraging!

Riding-Master *(to S. B. Enquirer to one of the new Mounted Batteries)* "WELL, SIR! YOU'RE ALL 'OF A HILAP' ON THE HORSE'S NECK—YOU'VE LOST YOUR SWOLES, AND YOUR FORAGE-CAP, AND YOU'VE LOST YOUR SHIELDS—AND—YOU'LL LOSE YOURSELF NEXT!"



"It's an Ill Wind" &c.

Sporting Sub. "I SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE MY LEAVE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, COLONEL, FOR I'VE JUST HEARD MY FATHER'S HAD A BAD FALL OUT HUNTING."
Colonel. "DEAR ME! I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT! I HOPE HE'S NOT HURT!"
Sporting Sub. "OH, IT ISN'T THAT!—ONLY I WANT TO HAVE HIS HORSE!"



Particular!

Adjutant of Volunteers *(to Recruit)*. "WELL, SIR, AND WHAT COMPANY DO YOU WISH TO BE IN?"
Recruit. "AUGH! I'VE BEEN—AH—USED TO THE COMPANY OZ—AH—GENTLEMEN, SIR!!!!"



The Last Word.

Cabby (to stately Party, who has given him his legal Fair). "MAKIN' YEE FORTUNE, SIR, NO DOUBT!"

Swell (not exactly catching the Remark). "EH?"

Cabby. "YOU'EE A LAVIN' BY A GOOD BIF O' MONEY, SIR, I'LL BE BOUND!"

Swell (indignantly). "WHAT D'YOU MEAN, SIR?"

Cabby. "WHY YOU DON'T SPEND MUCH, SEEMIN'LY!"

[Drives off in triumph.]



A Dilemma

Cabby. "ERE'S A GO, P'LICEMAN! WHAT AM I TO DO?—I VOS ORDERED TO TAKE THESE 'ERE GENTS AS 'A BEEN A DININ' YOU SEE, TO THEIR 'SPECTABLE 'OMES, YUN VOS FOR 'ANOVIE SQUARE, ANOTHER FOR THE HALBANY, AND THE TOTHERS ELSEVERES —VELL, THEY VOS ALL CAREFULLY SORTED VEN I STARTED, AN' NOW THEY 'VE ELEN AN' GONE AN' MIXED THE'RSELVES UP, AN' I DON'T KNOW YICH IS YICH!!!"



Too True!

Mamma. "MY DEAR CHILD, WHERE DID YOU GET THAT DREAFFY SCRABBLE ON YOUR ARM?"

Little Ada. "OH, MA, IT WAS LISLETT'S BIG PRUSSIAN BEGGAR WITH THE GREEN GLASS IN IT, THAT THE TALL SOLDIER GAVE HIM."



"Once for All."

Mistress. "BY THE WAY—ANNA—HANNAH—I'M NOT SURE IS YOUR NAME 'ANNA' OR 'HANNAH'?"

New Cook (tartly). "WHICH MY NAME IS ANNA, MUM—HAICH, HA, HEN, HEN, HA, HAICH,—'ANNA'!"

Mistress (giving it up in despair). "AH! THANK YOU."



Up and Down Stairs

Young Mistress (at the Parlour Door). "ELIZA, WHAT IS THAT BELL RINGING FOR SO VIOLENTLY?"

Cook (below). "IT'S ON'Y ME, M'EM. I WANT YOU DOWN IN THE KITCHEN A MINUTE!"



Terms—Cash."

Lady Bountiful. "HERE, MY GOOD MAN, HERE'S A TICKET FOR THE ORGANISING CHARITABLE RELIEF AND REPRESSING MENDI—"

Professional Beggar (*with a sneer*). "O, THANKY FOR NOETHING, MUM, HOURS IS A READY MONEY BUSINESS!"



Gratitude.

Fastidious Vagrant. "AND THEY VIN'T 'ALF BUTTERED! I COULD 'A DONE AS WELL IF I'D GONE UP THE LANE TO THE 'UNION!"



Music of the Future Sensation Opera.

Manager (to his *Primo Tenore*, triumphantly). "MY DEAR FELLOW, I'VE BROUGHT YOU THE SCORE OF THE NEW OPERA. WE'VE ARRANGED SUCH A SCENA FOR YOU IN THE THIRD A-T! O' BOARD OF THE PIRATE SCREW, AFTER THE KEELHAULING SCENE, YOU KNOW! HEAVY ROLLING SEA, EH!—YES, AND WE CAN HAVE SOME REAL STRAY PUMPED ON TO YOU FROM THE FIRE-ENGINE! VOLUMES OF SMOKE FROM THE FUNNEL, CLOSE BEHIND YOUR HEAD—IN FACT, YOU'LL BE ENVELOPED AS YOU RUSH ON TO THE BRIDGE! AND THEN YOU'LL SING THAT LOVELY BARCAROLLE THROUGH THE SPEAKING-TRUMPET! AND MIND YOU HOLD TIGHT, AS THE SHIP BLOWS UP JUST AS YOU COME UPON YOUR HIGH D IN THE LAST BAR!!!"



Club Law.

Waiter. "DID YOU RING, SIR?"
Member (trying to be calm). "YES. WILL YOU WAKE THIS GENTLEMAN, AND SAY I SHOULD BE OBLIGED IF HE'D LET ME HAVE THE SPECTATOR, IF HE'S NOT READING IT."

[Old Wacklethorpe has been asleep, with the Paper firmly clutched, for the last two hours.]



"'High' Life Below Stairs!"

Master (sniffing). "THERE'S A MOST EXTRAORDINARY SMELL, JAMES. I'VE NOTICED IT SEVERAL.—"

Hall Porter. "I DON'T WONDER AT IT, SIR. I'VE SPOKE ABOUT IT DOWN-STAIRS. THE BUTLER, SIR, YOU SEE IS 'ICH CHURCH,' WHICH HE 'AS FIT UP A HORATORY IN THE PANTRY, AND BUENS HINCENSE. WE COULD STAND THAT; BUT THE COOK IS THE 'LOW CHURCH' FERGUSON, AND SHE BUENS BROWN PAPER TO BOBBIATE THE HINCENSE. IT'S PERFECTLY HAWFUL ON SAINTS' DAYS, SIR!!!"



Wages and Wives.

Philanthropic Farmer. "WELL, TOMKINS, AFTER THIS WEEK, INSTEAD OF PAYING YOU PARTLY IN CIDER, I SHALL GIVE YOU TWO SHILLINGS EXTRA WAGES."
Tomkins. "NO, THANKY, MASTER; THAT WON'T DO FOR ME!"
Farmer. "WHY, MAN, YOU'LL BE THE GAINER; FOR THE CIDER YOU HAD WASN'T WORTH TWO SHILLINGS!"
Tomkins. "AH, BUT YOU SEE I DRINKS THE CIDER MYSELF; BUT THE OW'D WOMAN 'LL 'EY THE TWO SHILLUN'!"



Pursuit o' Knowledge!

First Agricultural (*quite a Year after our Branch had been Opened*). "WHAT BE THEY POST-ES VUR, MAS'R SAM'L?"
Second Ditto (*Way of the Village*). "WHY, TO CARRY THE TELEGRAPH WOIRES, GEARGE!"
First Ditto. "WHAT BE THE WOIRES VUR, THEN?"
Second Ditto. "WHAT BE THE WOIRES FUR? WHY, TO HOOLD UP THE POST-ES, SART'N'Y, GEARGE."!!!



A Nice Prospect!

Traveller (*benighted in the Black Country*). "NOT A BEDROOM DISENGAGED! TUT-T-I-T!"
Landlady (*who is evidently in the Coal Business as well*). "OH, WE'LL ACCOMMODATE YOU SOMEHOW, SIR, IF ME AND MY 'USBAND GIVES YOU UP OUR OWN BED, SIR!"



Boon Companions!

Bargee. "WHAT! GE-ARGE!" [Rustic grins in response.]
Bargee. "I'M ALLUS MAIN GLAD TO SEE THEE, GE-ARGE!"
Rustic. "WHOOY?"
Bargee. "'CAUSE I KNOW THERE MUST BE A PUBLIC-HOUSE CLOSE BY!"



Bereaved.

First Pitman. "THOU HESSENT BEEN AT THE TOWN LATELY, GEORDIE. HOO'S THAT, MAN?"
Second Pitman. "THOU KNOWS THE DOG'S DEED, AND AW KENNET GETTEN ANOTHER; AN' A CHAP LEUKS SA FOND WIVOUT A DOG!"



Geology.

Scientific Pedestrian. "DO YOU FIND ANY FOSSILS HERE?"
Excavator. "DUNNO WHAT YOU CALLS 'VOSSULS.' WE FINDS NOWT HERE BUT MUCK AND 'ARD WORK!"



The Morning Concert.

Swell (doesn't care for Music himself). MY DEAR, IS THIS—AH—*music*—
—TE-DIUM OVAR?!!



A Cool Card.

Swell handing "*Spotting Life*" to *Chivalry Post*. "AW—WOULD YOU—AW—
DO ME THE FAVOUR TO WEAD THE LIST OF THE WAGES TO ME WHILE WE'RE
WUNNING DOWN!—I'VE—AW—FORGOTTEN MY EYEGLASS. DON'T MIND WAISING
YOUR VOICE—I'M PWEICIOUS DEAF!"



"Relapse."

Squire. "WHY, PAT, WHAT ARE YOU DOING, STANDING BY THE WALL OF THE PUBLIC-HOUSE? I THOUGHT YOU WERE A TEL-
TOTALLER!"

Pat. "YES, YER HONNOR. I'M JUST LISTENIN' TO THEM IMPENITENT BOYS DRINKING INSIDE!"



"In Confidence."

Hungry Customer. "TAIN'T BAD."

Chef. "GLAD YOU LIKE IT; FOR, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, ALTHOUGH I'VE BEEN A MAKIN' O' THIS SOUP FOR FIFTEEN YEAR, I AIN'T NEVER TASTED IT MYSELF!!"



"The Struggle for Existence."

Darwinian Coster to thrifty Housewife. "WELL, FISH IS DEAD, MUM; YOU SEE IT'S A-GETTIN' WEELY SCARCE IN CONSEQUENCE O' THESE 'BEE AQUERIUS!'"



A Satisfactory Character.

Mrs. Brisket (about the Sign of the Fish). "OIL, YES, MUM, SHE COME IN FEE YESTERDAY, MUM. BLESS YEE! A PUFFET LADY, MUM! DON'T KNOW ONE JINT O' MEAT FROM ANOTHER, MUM!!"



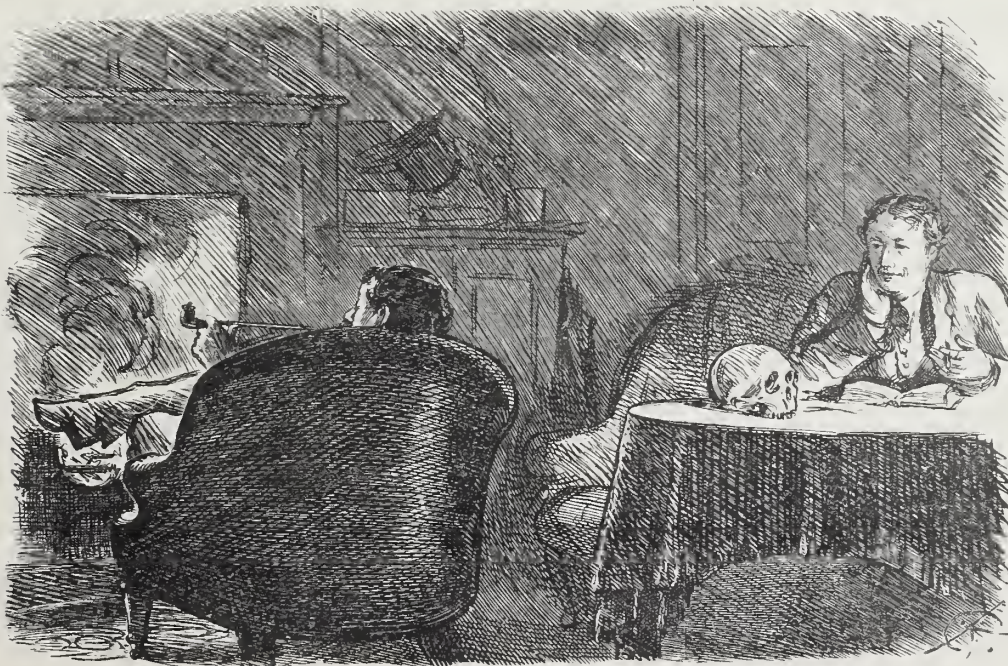
Hard Up on a Wet Day.

Richard. "WHAT ARE YOU RINGING FOR, BOB?"

Robert. "THE BEEF!"

Richard. "YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO EAT BEEF AGAIN, BOB, ARE YOU? WHY IT ISN'T HALF-AN-HOUR SINCE BREAKFAST!"

Robert. "WELL, I'M NOT EXACTLY HUNGRY, BUT ONE MUST DO SOMETHING!"



Incombinable Elements.

First Medical Student. "WHAT ARE YOU SIGHING FOR, JACK?"

Second Ditto. "UGH! I WAS THINKING OF THAT INFERNAL CHEMISTRY CRAM TO-MORROW, AND WHAT A DEUCED PRETTY GIRL I SAW IN GOWER STREET JUST NOW!!"



A Desperate Case!

First Driver. "How's FORB BEE?"
 Second Driver. "OH, HE'S A GOOD DEAL BETTER—TAKS HIS LOTION—MORE REG'LAR——"
 First Driver (reassured). "Ah!"



"Bon Voyage!"

Bus-Conductor (to Portly Female, who was indignant at having been carried a little beyond her destination). "WELL, THERE Y'ARE, MUM, FUST TO YER LEFT. Y'AIN'T GOT SO VERY FAR TO GO, AND THE WIND'S AT YER BACK!!"



Personal!

Driver (compassionately). "NOW THEN, BILL!"
 Conductor. "O, LOOK ALIVE, PLEASE, MUM! (To the Driver.) CAN'T HELP IT! ALL IN THE 'ANTIQUE' LINE THIS MOENIN'!
 'ERE'S THREE MORE ON 'EM!"
 [{"Antique,' indeed! 'Odious Wretch!'" thought one of the parties alluded to.



"The Conscience Clause"

Rector's Wife. "AND WHAT'S YOUR FATHER, MY BOY?"

Boy. "MY FATHER'S A 'HAGITATOR,' AN' HE SAYS HE WONT HAVE ME LEARN' NO CATECHISM, 'R ELSE YOU'LL ALL OF YER EAR OF IT!"



Education.

Squire. "HOBSON, THEY TELL ME YOU'VE TAKEN YOUR BOY AWAY FROM THE NATIONAL SCHOOL. WHAT'S THAT FOR?"

Villager. "'CAUSE THE MASTER AIN'T FIT TO TEACH UN!"

Squire. "O, I'VE HEARD HE'S A VERY GOOD MASTER."

Villager. "WELL, ALL I KNOWS IS, HE WANTED TO TEACH MY BOY TO SPELL 'TATERS' WITH A 'P'!!!"



"Exempli Gratia."

Ancient Mariner (*to er dutous Yachtsman*) "A MICAL LORD NELSON! BLESS YER, I KNOWED HIM; SERVED UNDER HIM. MANY'S THE TIME I'VE AS'ED HIM FOR A BIT O' 'BACCO, AS I MIGHT BE A STIN' O' YOU; AND SAYS HE, 'WELL, I 'AIN'T GOT NO 'BACCO, JEST AS YOU MIGHT SAY TO ME; 'BUT HERE'S A SHILLIN' FOR YER,' SAYS HE!"!!



Dignity.

Shipping Clerk. "ARE YOU THE MAIE O' THE 'MAGGIE LAUDER,' OF STONE-HAVEN?"

Mate (*sternly*). "ASK IF I'M THE FIR-R-BEST OFFICER, YOUNG MAN, AN' MAYBE I'LL GIE YE AN ANSWER!"



A Woman-Hater

Spiteful Old Party (*who is turning the Stays of the Flagstaff*). "STRIPED GOWNS SEEM ALL THE 'GO' WITH 'EM, EH? (*Chuckles*.) I'LL STRIP 'EM! PUT A EXTRA STREAK O' ILE IN, O' PURPOSE—WON'T DRY FOR A MONTH! COME LOLLOPIN' ABOUT HERE WITH THEIR CHIN'LYNES AN' TRINES, THEY MUST TAKE THE CONSERKENSES!"



When You are About it.

Magister Familias (*parting with his Butler*). "HERE IS THE LITTER, FLANAGAN. I CAN CONSCIENTIOUSLY SAY YOU ARE HONEST AND ATTENTIVE, BUT I SHOULD HAVE TO STRETCH A POINT IF I WERE TO SAY YOU ARE SOBER."

Mr. Flanagan. "THANK YOU, SIR. BUT WHEN YOU ARE ANOTHER STRETCHIN' A POINT, SIR, WOULDN'T YOU, PLEASE, STRETCH IT A LITTLE FURTHER, AND SAY I'M AFTEN SOBER!!"



Sympathy.

Epicurus. "PAH! O, GOOD GRACIOUS, MIVINS, THAT LAST OYSTER WAS - UGH!"

Butler (*with feeling*). "T-T-T-DEAR ME! CORNKED, SIR?!"



The Run of the House.

First Flunkey. "WOULDN'T YOU COME IN, JOHN, AND TAKE SOMETHING?"

Second Ditto. "THANKS, NO; I'LL LOOK YOU UP NEXT WEEK. BE ON BOARD-WAGES THEN, YOU KNOW!"



"What Next?"

Mistress to New Housewifery. "JANE, I'M QUITE SURPRISED TO HEAR YOU CAN'T READ OR WRITE! I'M SURE ONE OF MY DAUGHTERS WOULD GLADLY UNDERTAKE TO TEACH YOU.—"

Maid. "O, LOB, MUM, IF THE YOUNG LADIES WOULD BE SO KIND AS TO LEARN ME ANYTHING, I SHOULD SO LIKE TO PLAY THE PIANNEE!"



"The Servants."

Cook. "YES, SUSAN, I'M A WRITIN' TO MARY HANN MIGGS. SHE'VE APPLIED TO ME FOR THE CHARACTER OF MY LAST MISSUS, WHICH SHE'S THINKIN' OF TAKIN' THE SITUATION.—"

Susan. "WILL YOU GIVE HER ONE!"

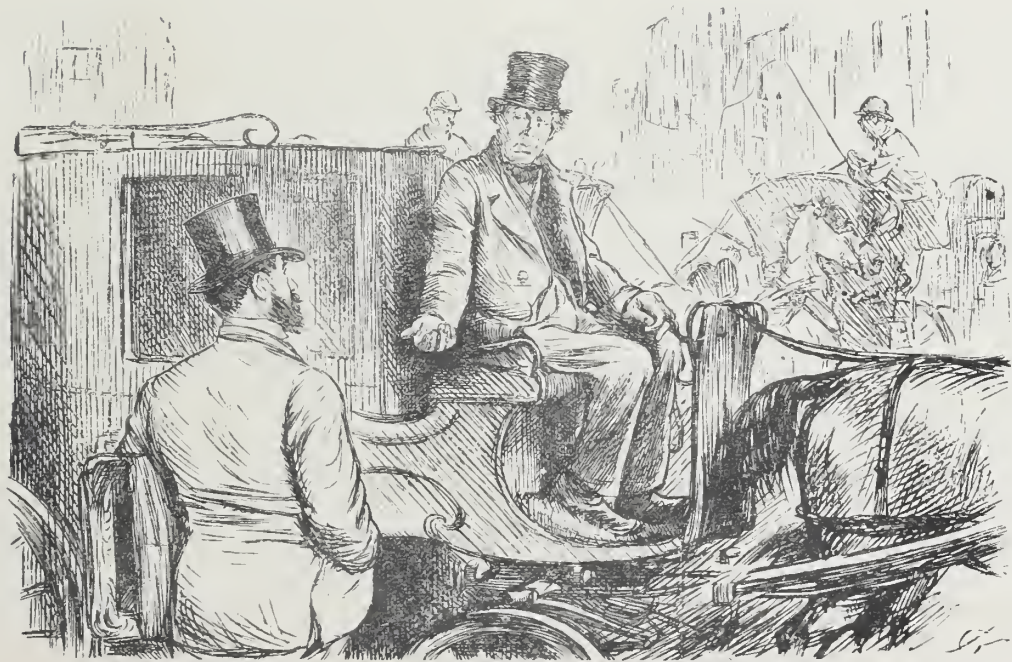
Cook. "WELL, I'VE SAID THIS. (Reads.) 'MRS. PEKSKITS PRESENTS HER COMPLIMENTS TO MISS MIGGS, AND BEGS TO INFORM HER THAT I CONSIDER MRS. BROWN A RESPECTABLE YOUNG PERSON, AND ONE AS KNOWS HER DUTIES; BUT SHE CAN'T CONSIDERABLY RECOMMEND HER TEMPER, WHICH I HAD TO PART WITH HER ON THAT ACCOUNT.' IT'S ALL'S BEST TO BE CANDIED, YOU KNOW, SUSAN!"



Quite Superfluous.

Stout Passenger (*abstrusely*). "Hoy! Hoy! Hoy!"

Bus-Driver. "All Right, Sir, we can see yer, Sir; we can see yer with the naked eye, Sir!"



"Noblesse Oblige."

Stodge (*in answer to the reproachful look of his Cabman*). "Well, it's your right fare; you know that as well as I do!"

Cabby. "Oh! which I'm well aware o' that, Sir! But—(*more in sorrow than in anger*)—An' you a Artis', Sir!"

[*Oets another Shilling!*]



The Beard Movement.

Policeman (invidiously). "IT'S PERFECTLY OPTIONAL WITH US, YOU KNOW!"
 ("The Hairs them P'licemen give theirselves," John remarked afterwards,
 in the Servants' Hall.



Too Late.

Departing guest. "BUT MY HAT WAS A BRAN-NEW ONE!"
Greengrocer (Footman for the nonce). "OH, SIR! THE SECOND-BEST 'ATS A'
 BEEN GONE 'ALF-AN-HOUR AGO, SIR!"



Music in the Midlands.

Intelligent Youth of Country Town. "AH SAY, BILL, 'LL THAT BE T' ELIJAH GOIN' OOP I' THAT BIG BOX?!"



"A Perfect Excuse."

Rector (to his Keeper). "MORNING, WOODGATE. DIDN'T I SEE YOU AT CHURCH YESTERDAY?"
Keeper (apologetically). "YES, SIR. BUT—I FELT I WAS A DOIN' WRONG ALL THE TIME, SIR!"



"Fahrenheit."

Rector. "AH, WE SHALL BE COMFORTABLE THIS MORNING, GRUFFLES, I SEE YOU'VE GOT THE TEMPERATURE UP NICEFLY. SIXTY, I DECLARE!"
Clerk. "YES, SIR, I ALLUS HEV A TROUBLE TO GET THAT THING UP. I TOOK AND WARMED IT JEST THIS MINUTE!"



"Pleasuring!"

Vicar (to Old Lady, who is returning from a Funeral). "WELL, MARTHA, I'M AFRAID YOU'VE HAD A SAD AFTERNOON. IT HAS BEEN A LONG WALK, TOO, FOR YOU—"
Martha. "SURE-LY, 'TIS, SIR! AH, SIR, 'TAIN'T MUCH PLEASURE NOW FOR ME TO GO TO FUNERALS; I BE TOO OLD AND FULL O' RHEUMATIZ. IT WAS VERY DIFFERENT WHEN WE WAS YOUNG—THAT 'TWER!!"



Awkward!

FLITHERS SPENDS HIS CHRISTMAS AT A COUNTRY HOUSE, AND THE FIRST DAY, ON THE LADIES' LEAVEN, THE TALLE AFTER DINNER, HE JUMPS UP, AND OPENS THE WRONG DOOR!



He Thought He was Safe

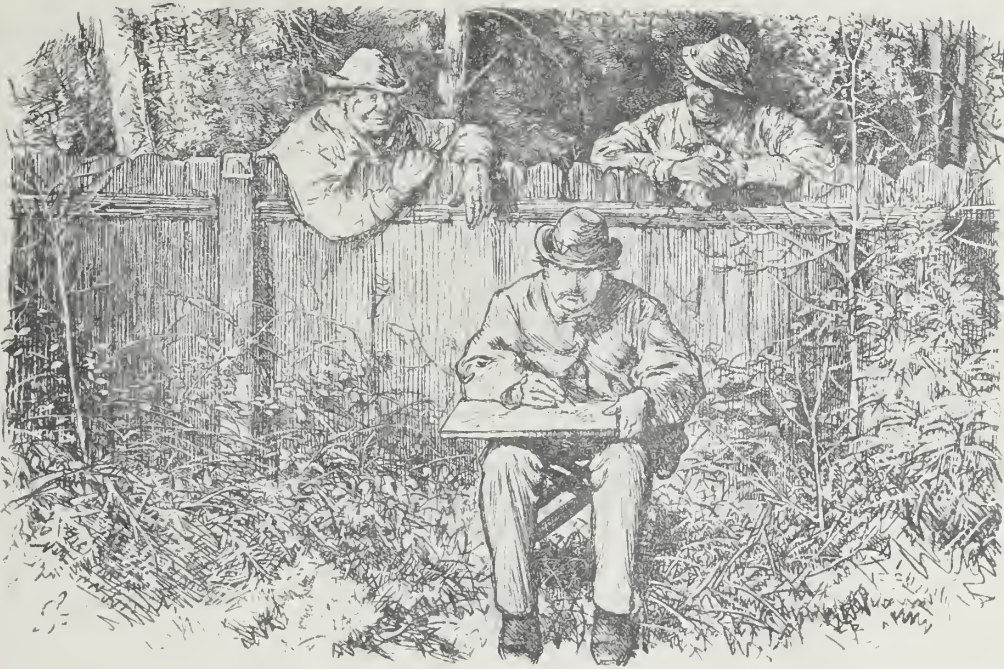
Irrascible Old Gentleman. "BUY A COMB! WHAT THE DEVIL SHOULD I BUY A COMB FOR? YOU DON'T SEE ANY HAIR ON MY HEAD, DO YOU?"

Unlicensed Hawker. "LOR! BLESS YEE, SIR!—YEE DON'T WANT NO 'AIR ON YER 'EAD FOR A TOOTH-COMB!"



Hygiene.

Hearty Old Gentleman (to dyspeptic Friend). "DOESN'T AGREE WITH YOU?! OH, I NEVER LET ANYTHING OF THAT SORT BOTHER ME! I ALWAYS EAT WHAT I LIKE, AND DRINK WHAT I LIKE, AND FINISH OFF WITH A GOOD STIFF GLASS O' Grog AT BED-TIME, AND GO FAST ASLEEP, AN' LET 'EM FIGHT 'T OUT 'MONG 'EMSELVES!!!"



Considerate Criticism.

Rustic to his friend. "WA—AT, THA'S BETTER THAN DOIN' O' NAWTHIN'. I SPOOS, GRABE!"



"The Finishing Touch!"

Farmer (who has been most Obliging, and taken great Interest in the Picture. "GOOD MORN'N', SIR! BUT—(aghast)—I SAY, WHAT ARE YOU A DOIN' O', MISTER?! A P'INTIN' ALL THEM BEASTLY POPPIES IN MY CORN!—'A BIT O' COLOUR?'—WHAT 'OULD MY LANDLORD SAY, D' YOU THINK?—AND AFTER I'D PUT OFF CUTTIN' CAUSE YOU HADN'T FINISHED, TO OBLIGE YER, I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D A DOSE IT! YOU DON'T COME A P'INTIN' ON MY LAND ANY MORE!" *[Exit, a great dudgcon.*



À Fortiori.

Ticket Collector. "NOW, THEN, MAKE HASTE! WHERE'S YOUR TICKET?"

Bandsman (refreshed). "AU'VE LOST IT!"

Ticket Collector. "NONSENSE! FEEL IN YOUR POCKETS. YE CANNOT HEV LOST IT!"

Bandsman. "AW CANNOT!! WHY, MAN, AU'VE LOST THE *Big Drum!*"



"Nae That Fou!"

Country Gentleman (*who thought he'd got such a treasure of a new Gardener*). "TUT, TUT, TUT! BLESS MY SOUL, SAUNDERS! HOW—WHAT'S ALL THIS? DISGRACEFULLY INTOXICATED AT THIS HOUR OF THE MORNING! AIN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF?!"

Saunders. "SH-HABED! (*Hee*) NA, NA, 'M NAE SAE DRUNK AS THAT COMES T'! AH KEN VALRA WEEH WHAT A'M ADOOT?!"



Hibernian Veracity.

Paterfamilias (with his Family in Ireland). "HAVE YOU ANY WEST INDIA PICKLES, WAITER?" **Paddy**. "WE'VE NOT, SOR."
Paterfamilias. "NO HOT PICKLES OF ANY DESCRIPTION?" **Paddy**. "NO; SHURE THEY'RE ALL COULD, SOR."



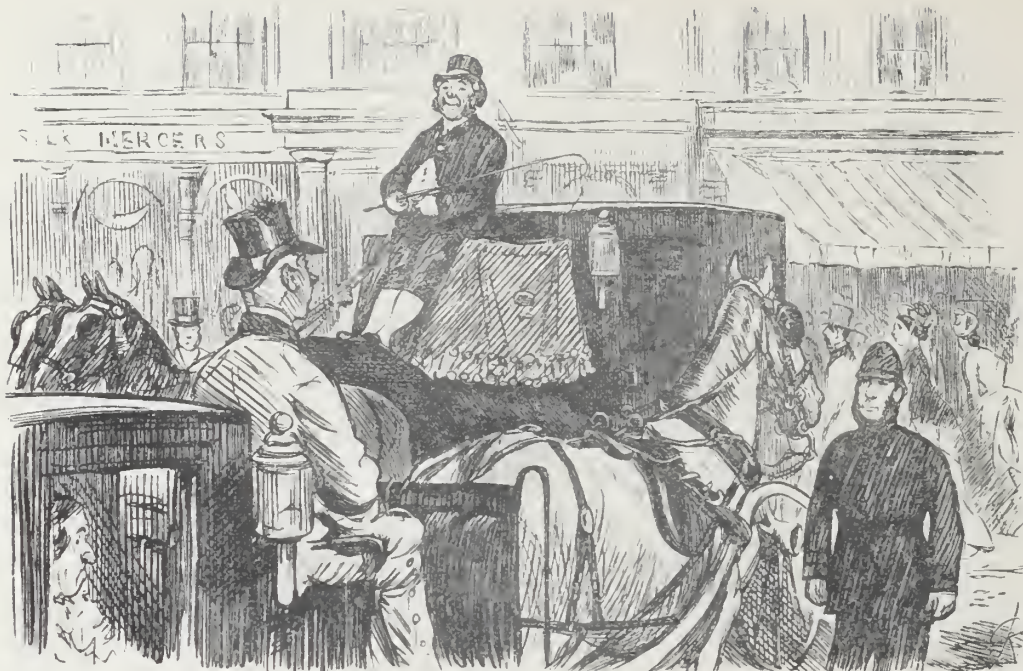
Quite Another Thing.

Paddy (the lover). "ARRAH, G'ALONG! I SAID I'D LAY YOU FOIVE TO WAN, BUT I WASN'T GOIN' TO BET MY HA'E-CROWN AGIN YOUR TATH'IN LITTLE S'CIENCE!"
[Execut fighting.]



A Fair Offer.

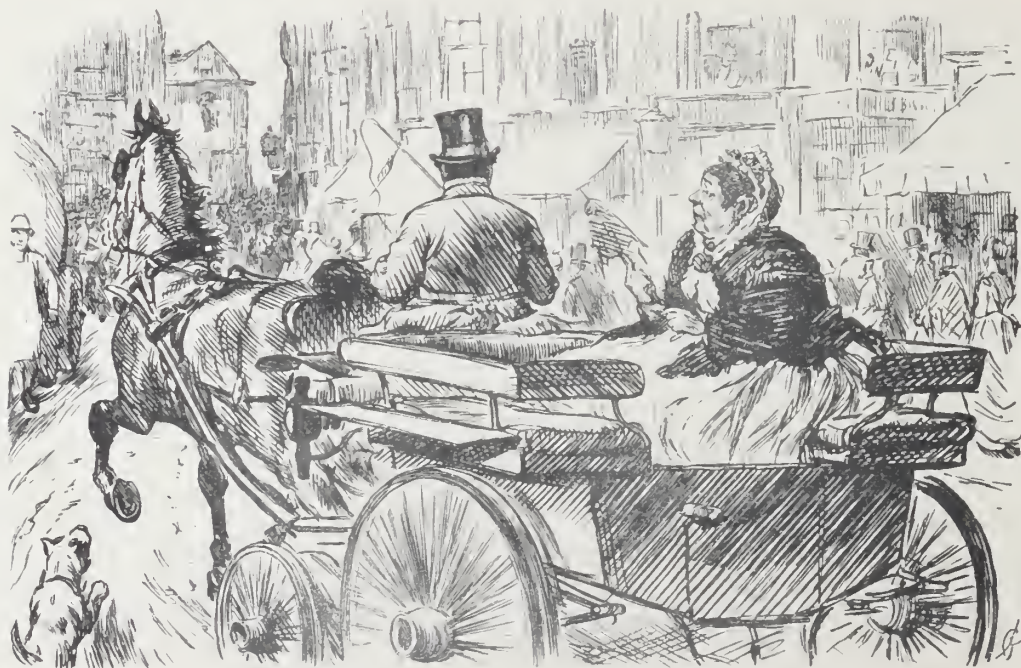
Athletic Barman. "NOW, IF YOU DON'T TAKE YOURSELF OFF, I'LL BEGGUS SOON TURN YOU OUT!"
Pat (with a yell). "TUR-R-EN ME OUT! IS IT TUR-R-EN ME OUT! THEN, BEBAD! COME OUTSIDE, AN' TUR-R-EN ME OUT!"



"The Way We Live Now"

Swell Coachman (with his eye on the Brougham's *coach*). "YOUR GUV'NER IN THE ARMY!"

Brougham (artlessly). "NOT 'ZACTLY IN THE HAERMY BUT MISSS SAY AS THEY SOLD MILINGTARY C'ROSITIES WHEN THEY KEP' A SHOP IN 'OLBORN!!"



Re-Assuring.

Nervous Old Lady (Band in the Distance). "OH, THERE ARE THOSE DREADFUL VOLUNTEERS, JOSEPH! I KNOW THE HORSE WILL TAKE FRIGHT! HADN'T YOU BETTER TURN HIM ROUND!!"

Coachman (who will have his own way). "OH, LET 'IM ALONE, 'M; HE'LL TURN 'ISSELF ROUND, AND PRETTY QUICK, TOO, IF HE'S FRIGHTENED!!"



Well Meant.

Shoeblick (to daily Customer). "SUCH A TREAT WE'VE GOT TO-NIGHT, SIR! TEA AN' BUNS, AN' SPEECHES AT EXETER 'ALL! WOULDN' I YOU LIKE TO GO, SIR?"

City Magnate. "OH, THEY WOULDN'T LET ME IN, MY BOY."

Shoeblick. "UM! (Ponders.) "WELL—LOOK 'ERE, I THINK I COULD SMUG YER IN AS MY FATHER!"



Nature and Art.

Pedestrian. "THAT'S AN EXTRAORDINARY LOOKING DOG, MY BOY. WHAT DO YOU CALL HIM?"

Boy. "FIRST OF ALL HE WER' A GREY'OUND, SIR, AN' 'IS NAME WAS 'FLY,' AN' THEN 'THEY CUT 'IS EARS AN' TAIL OFF, AN' MADE A MASTI' DOG ON 'IM, AN' NOW 'IS NAME'S 'LION'!"



Natural Advantages.

Teacher. "WHAT BIRD DID NOAH SEND OUT OF THE ARK?"

Smallest Boy in the Class (after a Pause). "A DOVE, SIR."

Teacher. "VERY WELL. BUT I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT SOME OF YOU BIG BOYS WOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT!"

Tall Pupil. "PLEASE, SIR, THAT BOY OUGHT TO KNOW, SIR, 'CAUSE HIS FATHER'S A BIRD-KETCHER, SIR!!!"



The Restraints of Society.

Juvenile Bohemian. "HATE GOIN' OUT TO TEA! 'HAVE TO BE GOOD SUCH A PRECIOUS LONG TIME!!"



Simple Addition.

New Governess. "WHY ARE YOU STARING SO INTENTLY, BIANCHE, DEAR?"

Bianche. "I WAS TRYING TO COUNT THE FRECKLES ON YOUR FACE, MISS SANDYPOLE, BUT I CAN'T!"



Secrets.

Intelligent Housemaid. "OH, PLEASE, MISS, THERE WAS A YOUNG GENTLEMAN CALLED WHEN YOU WAS OUT. HE DIDN'T LEAVE NO CARD, MISS; BUT I CAN SHOW YOU WHO HE IS, 'CAUSE THERE'S THREE OF HIS PHOTOGRAPHS IN YOUR ALBUM."



"A Parthian Shaft."

Cook. "NOW, I'M A LEAVIN' OF YER, M'UM, I MAY AS WELL TELL YER AS THE KEY O' THE KITCHING-DOOR FITS YOUR STORE-ROOM!"



Sweet Simplicity.

Visitor. "JANE, HAS YOUR MISTRESS GOT A BOOT-JACK?"
Maid-of-all-Work. "NO, SIR; PLEASE, SIR, I CLEAN ALL THE BOOTS, SIR!"



Master of the Situation?!

SCENE—*Mr. T. the hero's Sanctu*—ENTER *Mrs. T. and her Cook.*

Cook (with her usual promptitude)—*SHE bows*—*Oh, if you please, Sir, I wish to complain of Missis!* WHICH SHE COME A DOCTAERIN' AND A HESTLEFFIN' IN YOUR KITCHING IN A WAY AS I'M SURE YOU WOULDN'T APPROVE ON," &c., &c., &c.!!

[*T. confesses he feels (for the first and last time) a delicious sensation of being apparently master in his own house.*
She was an admirable Cook, and altogether a most excellent— BUT HOWEVER SHE HAD TO GO!



Manners!

Young Mistress. "JANE, I'M SURPRISED THAT NONE OF YOU STOOD UP WHEN I WENT INTO THE KITCHEN JUST NOW!"

Jane. "INDEED, MUM! WHICH WE WAS SUPRISED OURSELVES AT YOUR A COMIN' INTO THE KITCHING WHILE WE WAS A 'AVIN' OUR LUNCHEON!!!"



A Regular Turk!

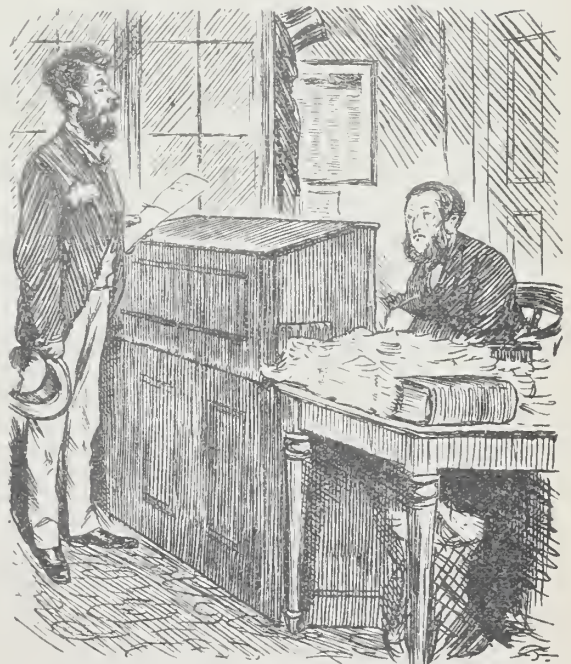
Adjutant. "WELL, SERGEANT, HOW'S YOUR PRISONER GETTING ON?"
 Sergeant of the Guard. "BEDAD, SOB, HE'S THE VILEST BLAGGARD I EVER HAD TO DO WID! WE'RE ALL IN TERROR IV OUR LOIVES! SHURE WE'RE OBLIGED TO FEED HIM WID FIXED BAY'NITS!"



"Incident in Scyllam," &c.

Ensign Muffles (alluding to his Moustache). "YOU SEE, SOME SAY, 'WEAR IT,' YOU KNOW; AND SOME SAY, 'CUT IT OFF,' YOU KNOW; BUT IF I TOOK EVERYBODY'S ADVICE I SHOULD BE LIKE THE OLD MAN AND HIS DONKEY."

Sergeant O'Rourke. "YOUR'R HON'R'R WOULD—(BUT NOT WISHING TO BE PERSONAL ABOUT HIS OFFICER'S AGE) THAT IS—LASTE-WAYS,—BARRIN THE OULD MAN, YOUR HON-R-R-R!!!"



What H.M. Civil Servants have to Endure.

(BESIDES THE RIDICULOUSLY LOW SALARIES.)

Mr. Registrar. "WHAT'S THE NUMBER OF YOUR DEED, SIR?"

Attorney's Clerk. "H-EIGHT, H-OUGHT H-EIGHT, H-OUGHT, SEVIN, SIR!"

Mr. Registrar (faintly). "OH DEAR! OH DEAR!—(NOTES DOWN THE NUMBER) —THAT WILL DO." [And is so upset that he takes a month's holiday on the spot.]



Curious.

English Tourist (in Ireland). "TELL ME, WAITER, AT WHAT HOUR DOES THE FIRST TRAIN LEAVE FOR CLOMEL?"
Waiter. "IS IT THE FURST THRAIN, SOR? I'M NOT EIGHTLY SHURE. THE NOISE THRAIN UP USED TO LAVE AT HA'F-PAST NOISE—BUT FAIX II GOES AT TIN NOW, AND THERE'S NO FURST THRAIN NOW AT ALL AT ALL. BUT I'LL AX AT THE BAR, SORR!"



Anything for a Change.

Artist (to Old Fellow-Student). "AND WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING ALL THESE YEARS,—WHAT ARE YOU PAINTING?"
Swell. "OH, I GAVE UP PAINTING, MY DEAR FELLOW—THEN I TOOK TO TEACHING! BUT YOU CAN'T FIND PUPILS IN GENIUS, YOU KNOW, SO NOW I GO IN FOR ART CRITICISM! I KNOW I'M STRONG IN THAT! DID YOU SEE MY ARTICLE IN THIS WEEK'S 'NOW A DAYS'?"



Appearances.

Plushington. "I SAY, STODGE, SIN'GLAR THING—YOUR LANDLADY ADDRESSED ME 'MY LORD' WHEN I ASKED IF YOU WERE WITHIN!"
Artist. "NOT AT ALL, MY DEAR FELLOW. IT'S YOUR HAT AND PERSONAL APPEARANCE! IF YOU DON'T MIND, WE'LL ENCOURAGE THE IDEA. IT WILL GIVE HER CONFIDENCE IN ME, AND— EH?" [Plushington will be delighted.]



From One Point of View.

SCENE—British Jury Room. All agreed on their Verdict except—

Irish Juryman (who holds out). "Ah, THIS, ILIV'N MORE OBSTINIT' MEN I SIVIR NET IN ALL ME LOIFE!!"



Our Art-School Conversazione

AT WHICH (IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE INCREASED SPACE ANTICIPATED AT THE R.A. EXHIBITION) THERE IS A GREATER CROWD THAN USUAL.

Model (who has charge of the Hats and Coats). No. 97? YESSIE. THERE NOW! IF I DIDN'T SEE THAT 'AT—AH—NOT A QUARTER OF AN HOUR AGO!!"

[Not a very satisfactory look-out for Douncefield, who has barely time to catch his last train!



Between Two Shoeblocks We Fall to," &c.

First Shoeblock. "I COTCHED 'OLD ON 'IM FUST!"

Second Ditto. "YOU'RE A——!" *[Old Gentleman is fung heavily.]*



Im-pertinent.

Stout Gent. *(naturally suspicious of the Street Boy).* "GE' OUT O', MY WAY, YOU YOUNG RASCAL!"

Street Boy. "VICH VAT ROUND, GOV'NOUR!"



Register. Register!!

Aunt Sophy. "NOW SUPPOSE, GEORGE, AS A SINGLE WOMAN I SHOULD HAVE MY NAME PUT ON THE REGISTER, WHAT SHOULD I GET BY IT?"

Pet Nephew. "OH, A GOOD DEAL. YOU'D BE ALLOWED TO SERVE ON CORONER JURIES, COMMON JURIES, ANNOYANCE JURIES, PAY POWDER TAX AND ARMORIAL BEARINGS, ACT AS PARISH BEADLE AND NIGHT CONSTABLE OF THE CASUAL WARD, AND INSPECTOR OF NUISANCES, REPORT ON FEVER DISTRICTS, AND ALL JOLLY THINGS OF THAT SORT."



"Not Proven."

Presbyterian Minister. "DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S WICKED TO CATCH FISH ON THE SAWBATH!!!"
Small Boy (not having had a rise all the Morning). "WHA'S CATCHIN' FESH!?"



An Evenings Fishing (Behind the Distillery at Sligo).

First Factory Lad. "DOM'NICK, DID YOU GET E'ER A BITE AT ALL?"
Second Ditto. "SORRA WAN, PAT. ONLY WAN SMALL WAN!"
First Ditto. "YERRAH! LEAVE IT THERE, AN' COME HOME. SHURE YOU LL GET MORE THAN THAT IN BED!"



"The Harp in the Air"

Irish Gentleman (who has vainly endeavored to create a Jig to the filful
Musical of the Telegraph Wires). "SURE! WHOEVER Y'ARE YE CAN'T PLAY A
 BIT! HOW CAN A JINTELEMAN DANCE—(he)—IV YE DON'T KAPE THIME!"



Irish Ideal of Themis.

Biddy 'to Pat is charge about a difficulty). "NEVER FEAR, PAT! SURE
 Y'AVE GOT AN UPRIGHT JUDGE TO THRY YE!"
 Pat. "AH, BIDDY DAEILIN, THE DIVEL AN UPRIGHT JUDGE I WANT! 'TIS
 WINE THAT 'LL LIVE A LITTLE!"



"Canny"

First North Briton. "T'S A FINE DAY, THIS?" Second Ditto. "NO ILL, AVA."
 First North Briton. "YE'LL BE TEAVELLIN'?" Second Ditto. "WEEEL, MAYBE I'M NO."
 First North Briton. "GAUN T'ABERDEEN, MAYBE?" Second Ditto. "YE'VE NO FAUR AFF'T!"

[Mutually satisfied, each goes his respective way.]



Irish Architecture.

Angler on Inland. "HULLO, PAT, WHAT ARE YOU ABOUT NOW?"
Pat. "SHURE, I'M RAISIN' ME ROOF A BIT, YER HONOUR-ER!!"



Thrift

Peebles Body (to *Townsmen* who was supposed to be in London on a visit).
 "E—EH, MAC! YE'RE SUNE HAME AGAIN!"
Mac. "E—EH, IT'S JUST A RUINOUS PLACE, THAT! MUN, A HAD NA' BEEN
 TUE-ERRE ABUNE TWA HOURS WHEN—BANG—WENT SAXPENCE!!!"



Scruples.

English Tourist (having arrived at Greenock on Sunday morning). "MY
 MAN, WHAT'S YOUR CHARGE FOR ROWING ME ACROSS THE FRITH?"
Boatman. "WEE!, SIR, I WAS JIST THINIKIN' I CASSA BREAK THE SAWEATH-
 DAY FOR NO LESS THAN F'FTEEN SHULL'S!!!"



A Bad Season.

Sportsman. "I CAN ASSURE YOU, WHAT WITH THE RENT OF THE MOOR, AND MY EXPENSES, AND 'WHAT NOT,' THE BIRDS HAVE COST ME—AH—A SOVEREIGN APIECE!!"

Keeper. "A' WEE!, SIR! 'DEED IT'S A MAIRCY YE DIDNA KILL NA MAIR O' 'EM!!"



"Familiarity breeds Contempt."

Keeper (who wants to drive the *Thesaurists* to the Squire's corner). "HOOO-O-O-SH! HERE, BILL, COME HERE! THY 'ONT GET UP FOR ME! THEY KNOW ME TOO WELL!"



Intelligent!

Artist (who thinks he has found a good Model for his TOUCHSTONE.) "HAVE YOU ANY SENSE OF HUMOUR, MR. BINGLES?"
Model. "THANK Y' SIR, NO, SIR, THANK Y'. I ENJ'YS PRETTY GOOD 'EALTH, SIR, THANK Y' SIR!"



The "Nimble Ninepence."

City Gent (after a critical Inspection). "WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR THAT MOONLIGHT?"
Picture-Dealer. "I'LL SHELL YER THE TWO A BARGAIN, SHIR! CHEAP ASH DIRT, SHIR! SHEVENTY-FIVE GUINEASH APFICSH, SHIR! I'LL WARRANT 'EM UNDOUBTED SMETHERS'S. SHEVENTY-FIVE——"
City Gent. "O, COME, I DON'T MIND GIVING YOU—THIRTY SHILLINGS FOR THE PAIR."
Picture-Dealer (closing with alacrity). "DONE! WITH YOU, SHIR!!" [City Gent is in for 'em!]



Menace

Little Angler (to her refractory Bait). "KEEP STILL, YOU TIRESOME LITTLE THING! IF YOU DON'T LEAVE OFF SKRIGGLING, I'LL THROW YOU AWAY, AND TAKE ANOTHER!"



"A Thing of Beauty"

Visitor. "WELL, GEORGE, AND WHAT DO YOU MEAN TO BE, WHEN YOU HAVE GROWN UP?" **George** (promptly). "AN ARTIST!" **Visitor**. "WELL, THEN, YOU SHALL PAINT MY PORTRAIT." **George**. "AH! BUT I MEAN TO PAINT PRETTY THINGS!!"



Mixed Pickles.

Domestic (in terrified accents). "O, MUM, HERE'S MASTER PLANTAG'N, 'M, HAS BEEN AND BROKE HIS GRAN'PA'S INK-BOTTLE IN THE LIB'ARY, AND CUT HIS FINGER DREADFUL, 'M!!"

Grandmamma's Darling (gleefully alluding to his Nasal Organ). "AND GOT A MARBLE UP BY DOZE, GRAN'DRA!!!"



The Trials of a District Visitor.

The Honourable Miss Fuzbuz (*loq.*), "Is Mrs. Higgins within?"

Mrs. Tomkins, "I'LL CALL 'ER, M'UM." (*At the top of her Voice.*) "Mrs. 'Ig—gins! EEE'S THE PERSON WITH THE TRAC'S!"
 (To the Honourable Miss) "THE LADY WILL BE DOWN PRESENTLY, M'UM!!"



Legitimate Criticism.

Aged Village Matron (*to Sympathising Visitor*), "It's a 'COOKERY BOOK,' AS MRS. PENEWIS, OUR 'DISTRICT LADY,' GIVE ME THIS CHRISTMAS, MISS. I'D A DEAL SOONER A' HAD THE INGRIDMENTS, MISS!!"



"The Servants"

Old Lady, "THEY'RE ALL ALIKE, MY DEAR. THERE'S OUR SUSAN (IT'S TRUE SHE'S A DISSENTER), BUT I'VE ALLOWED HER TO GO TO CHAPEL THREE TIMES EVERY SUNDAY SINCE SHE HAS LIVED WITH ME, AND I ASSURE YOU SHE DOESN'T COOK A BIT BETTER THAN SHE DID THE FIRST DAY!!"



Pleasant for Simpkins!

Photographer (to Mr. Simpkins). "KEEP YOUR HEAD STEADY, PLEASE, SIR, AND LOOK IN THE DIRECTION OF THOSE YOUNG LADIES. STEADY NOW, SIR! DON'T WINK, SIR!"

Mrs. S. (by a look that Mr. S. quite understood). "JUST LET ME SEE HIM WINK!"



A Misnomer.

Country Valetudinarian. "AH YES, MU'M, I'VE HAD THE 'LUMBAGER TURE'LE BAD, MU'M! 'KETCHES ME IN THE SMALL O' THE BACK 'ERE, MU'M!!"



"Winkles!"

Philanthropic Coster (who has been crying "Perry-wink-wink-wink!" till he's hoarse—and no buyers). "I WONDER WHAT THE F'OR UNFORT'NATE CREETERS IN THESE 'ERE LOW NEIGH'E'OODS DO LIVE ON!"



"The Last (Co-operative) Feather."

'My Lady.' "JUST TAKE AND TIE UP A COUPLE OF THOSE SACKS BEHIND THE CARRIAGE, JAMES. THERE'LL BE ROOM, IF ONE OF YOU RIDES ON THE BOX!!"



Disaffection!

Adjutant. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, DRUM-MAJOR?"

Drum-Major. "PLEASE, SIR, THE DRUMS IS IN A STATE OF MUTINY, AND THESE ARE THE RINGLEADERS!!"



Zoology.

Railway Porter (to Old Lady travelling with a Menagerie of Fets). "STATION MASTER SAY, MUM, AS CATS IS 'DOGS,' AND RABBITS IS 'DOGS,' AND SO'S PARROTS; BUT THIS EEE 'TOBIS' IS A INSECT, SO THERE AINT NO CHARGE FOR IT!"



Extortion.

Porter, S. E. R. "TICKET FOR MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, PLEASE, SIR."
 Amateur Violoncellist (who never travels without his bass, indignantly). "WHAT! PAY FOR THIS? I'VE NEVER HAD TO PAY ON ANY OTHER LINE. THIS IS MY 'CELLO!"
 Porter (calmly). "NOT PERSONAL LUGGAGE, SIR. ALL THE SAME IF YOU'D A HURDY-GURDY, SIR!"
 [Our Amateur's feelings are too much for him.]



"Any Ornaments for your Fire-Stoves?"

Little Flora (in great distress). "OH, MAMMA, LOOK HERE! JACK SAYS IT'S AUNT FANNY! SHE'S GOT ON HER BEAUTIFUL BALL-DRESS WITH THE ROSES ON IT, AND SHE'S STUCK IN THE CHIMNEY!"



Compliments of the Season

Fond Parent. "I HOPE YOU WILL BE VERY CAREFUL, MR. STIMPSON. I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO CUT THEIR HAIR MYSELF."
Mr. Stimpson. "SO I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT, MADAM!"



On the Face of It.

Pretty Teacher. "NOW, JOHNNY WELLS, CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT IS MEANT BY A MIRACLE?"
Johnny. "YES, TEACHER. MOTHER SAYS IF YOU DON'T MARRY NEW PARSON, 'TWILL BE A MURRACLE!"



Obvious Initiative.

(A lively Native of the Deep Sea seizes hold of a Shepherd's Dog by the Tail, who makes off as fast as he can.)

Fishmonger (in a rage). "WHUSTLE ON YER DOG, MUN!"

Highlander (coolly). "WHUSTLE ON M' DOG? NA, NA, FRIEND! WHUSTLE YOU ON YOUR PARTAN!!"



Driving a Bargain

Economical Drover. "A TEECK'T TAE FAA'KIRK."

Polite Clerk. "FIVE-AND-NINEPENCE, PLEASE."

Drover. "AN'LL GIE YE FIVE SHILLINGS!"

Clerk (astonished). "EH!"

Drover. "WEE, AN'LL GIE YE FIVE-AN'-THIRPENCE, AN' DEIL A BAWBEE MAIR! IS'T A BARGAIN?!"



Candid.

Tam (very dry, at door of Cowdry Inn, Sunday Morning). "AYE, MAN, YE NICHT GIE ME A BIT GILL OUT IN A BOTTLE!"

Landlord (from within). "WEE, YE KEN, TAMMAS, I DAUENA SELL ANYTHING THE DAY. AND FORBYE YE GOT A HALF-MUTCHKIN AWA' WI' YE LAST NICHT (AFTER HOORS TAE); IT CANNA BE A' DUNE YET!"

Tam. "DENE! LOSH, MAN, D'YE THINK A' COULD SLEEP AN' WHUSKEY I' THE HOOSE?!"



An Irish Model.

Mrs. Magillicuddy (to her Daughter). "WHY, WHY, ROSEEN! WHAT'S BEEN DELAYIN' YE? WHY! AND ME WAITIN' THIS HOUR FAST TO COME IN WID THE MILK!"

Rose. "O, SURE, THIN, MOTHER DEAR, ON ME WAY BACK FROM THE MEADA' I MET SUCH A DARLIN' ENGLISH JINTLEMAN—A RALE ARTIST. WHY, AND HE AXED ME TO ALLOW HIM TO TAKE ME LANDSKIP; AND O, MOTHER MAVRONE, IT'S A WONDER HOW LIKE ME HE'S NED IT, GLORY BE TO THE SAINTS!"



A Benediction!

Irish Beggawoman (to our friend, Dr. O'Gorman, whose Nose is of the shortest). "WON'T YE GIVE ME A COPPER, DOCTHER DEAR? THEY, NOW, IF YE HAVEN'T WAN PENNY CONVENIENT!—AND MAY THE BLISSED SAINTS INCREASE YE!"

Dr. O'Gorman. "STAND ASIDE, MY GOOD WOMAN. I'VE NOTHING FOR YOU."

Beggawoman. "O, THIN, THE LARD PRESARVE YER EYESIGHT, FOR THE DIVIL A NOSE YE HAVE TO MOUNT THE 'SPECS' UPON!"



Mrs Frummage's Birthday Dinner-Party.

Mrs. F. ("coming from behind the Screen, sayin' just like her"). "THERE! OH YOU GOODFORNOTHING BOY, NOW I'VE FOUND YOU OUT. HOW DARE YOU TOUCH THE WINE, SIR!"

Robert. "PLEASE 'M, I WAS—I WAS ONLY JUST A GOIN' TO WISH YOURS AN' MASTER'S WERY GOOD 'FAITH 'M!"



Confession.

Old Lady (who can't stand her Page's destructive carelessness any longer). "NOW, ROBERT, I WANT YOU CLEARLY TO UNDERSTAND THE REASON I PART WITH YOU. CAN YOU TELL ME?"

Robert (affected to tears). "YES, 'M."

Old Lady. "WHAT, ROBERT?"

Robert. "CAUSE I'M—(sniff)—'CAUSE I'M—'CAUSE I'M SO UGLY!"



A Stroke of Business.

Village Hampden ("who with doubtless breast" has undertaken, for siverence, to keep off the other boys). "IF ANY OF YER WANTS TO SEE WHAT WE'RE A PAINTIN' OF, IT'S A 'ALF PENNY A 'EAD, BUT YOU MARN'T MAKE NO REMARKS.'



Proper Reproof.

Fussy Party. "WHY DON'T YOU TOUCH YOUR HAT TO ME, BOY?"
Country Boy. "SO I WUL I' YEAOU'LL HOWD THE CA-ALF!"



Little and Good.

Gentleman. "WHO DO THESE PIGS BELONG TO, BOY?"
'Chaw.' "WHY, THIS 'ERE OWD ZOW."
Gentleman. "YES, YES; BUT I MEAN WHO S THEIR MASTER?"
'Chaw.' "WHY, THAT THREE LITTLE 'UN; HE'S A VARMUN TO FOIGHT!"



"Mistakes Will Happen."

Mamma (*alarmed*). "WHAT IS IT, MY DARLING!"

Pet. "YA—AH, BOO—OOH—AH!"

Mamma. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, THEN! COME AND TELL ITS OWN—"

Pet. "BA—H—OO—H—SHE—SHE DID—WASH ME ONCE—AN'—SAYS—SHE DIDN'T—AN'—SHE'S BEEN—AN' GONE AN' WASHED ME OVER AGAIN!!"



Brushing Pa's New Hat.

Edith. "NOW, TOMMY, YOU KEEP TURNING SLOWLY, TILL WE'VE DONE IT ALL ROUND."



More Than One for His Nob.

Irritable Old Gentleman (who is rather particular about his appearance). "I WISH YOU'D BE CAREFUL. THAT'S THE THIRD OR FOURTH TIME YOU'VE PRICKED ME WITH YOUR SCISSORS!"

Young Man (from "Round the Corner"). "BEG'YER PARDON, SIR, BUT THE FACT IS, SIR, I 'AVENT BEEN IN THE 'ABIT O' CUTTIN' AIR, SIR. WE'RE RATHER SHORT OF 'ANDS, SO——" [Old Gent explodes.]



A Passage of Arms.

Hairdresser. "AIR'S VERY DRY, SIR!"

Customer (who knows what's coming). "I LIKE IT DRY!"

Hairdresser (after awhile, again advancing to the attack). "EAD'S VERY SCURFY, SIR!"

Customer (still cautiously retiring). "YA-AS, I PREFER IT SCURFY!"

[Assailant gives in defeated]



Flunkeianum.

Master. "THOMPSON, I BELIEVE THAT I HAVE REPEATEDLY EXPRESSED AN OBJECTION TO BEING SERVED WITH STALE BREAD AT DINNER. HOW IS IT MY WISHES HAVE NOT BEEN ATTENDED TO?"

Thompson. "WELL, SIR, I REEBLY DON'T KNOW WHAT IS TO BE DONE! IT WON'T DO TO WASTE IT, AND WE CAN'T EAT IT DOWN-STAIRS!"



A Dilemma

Auxiliary Recruit (*to himself*). "MURDER! MURDER! WHAT'LL I DO NOW! 'DRILL-SARGEINT TOULD ME ALWAYS TO SALUTE ME OFFICER WID THE FAR-OFF HAND, AND HEER'S TWO IV EM! FAIN, I'LL MAKE IT STRAIGHT FOR MESELF ANYHOW!"
[Throws up both Hands.



Lessons in the Vacation.

Public School-man. "HE-AR, CABBY, WE'LL GIVE YOU EIGHTEEN-PENCE TO TAKE US TO BRIXTON."
Cabby. "WELL, I GENERALLY DO CARRY CHILDREN 'ALF PRICE, BUT I'M ENGAGED THIS MORNING, GENTS!"



Wimbledon.

The Irrepressible 'Arry (to Swell—Small-bore Man—who has just fired). "YA—AH! NEVER 'T IT!!"



Wimbledon.

Volunteer Mounted Officer (Midnight). "HULLO HERE! WHY DON'T YOU TURN OUT THE GUARD? I'M THE FIELD-OFFICER OF THE DAY!"

Volunteer Sentry. "THEN WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOU DOIN' OUT THIS TIME O' NIGHT?"



A Hardship.

Mistress. "I THINK, ELIZABETH, I MUST ASK YOU TO GO TO CHURCH THIS AFTERNOON INSTEAD OF THIS MORNING, BECAUSE—"
 Elizabeth (*indignantly*). "WELL, MUM, WHICH IN MY LAST PLACE I WAS NEVER AS'ED TO GO AN' 'EAR A CURATE PREACH!"



"Like her Impudence."

Missis and the Young Ladies (*together*). "GOODNESS GRACIOUS, JEMIMA! WHAT HAVE YOU—WHERE'S YOUR UR'N'LIN!"
 (*This word snappishly.*)

Jemima. "OH 'M, PLEASE 'M, WHICH I UNDERSTOOD AS THEY WAS A GOIN' OUT, 'M—"

[*Receives warning on the spot.*]



"Too Bad!"

Comic Man (in an audible whisper, while his friend is "obliging" with "Adelaide"). "LOOK OUT! HE'S COMING TO THE PASSIONATE PART NOW. YOU'LL SEE HIM WAG HIS SHOULDERS!"



"It's the Pace that Kills"

Miss Rattleton (who means Waltzing). "OH, I DID NOT SAY 'STOP,' MR. PLUMPLEY."

Mr. Plumpley (utterly blown, in gasps). "'MSURE YOU—MUSTBE TIRED——"
[And joins the Card-players.]



The Gamut.

Jack Bowbell (beginning his Song). "'APPY LAND, 'APPY LAND——"

Tom Belgrave. "ONE MOMENT—EXCUSE ME, MY DEAR FELLOW—BUT DON'T YOU THINK THE SONG WOULD GO BETTER IF YOU WERE TO SOUND YOUR *H*'S JUST A LITTLE?"

Jack Bowbell. "EH? SOUND MY *H*'S?" (Chuckles.) "SHOWS HOW MUCH YOU KNOW ABOUT MUSIC!—NO SUCH NOTE—ONLY GOES UP TO *G*!" (Continues.) "'APPY LAND, 'APPY LAND——"



Garrison Instruction.

Instructor (*lecturing*). "GENTLEMEN, A THREE-LEGGED TRESTLE IS A TRESTLE WITH THREE LEGS. YOU HAD BETTER MAKE A NOTE OF THAT, GENTLEMEN." (*Introus scribbling.*)

General in Embryo (*but not at present noted for smartness*), after a pause of some Minutes. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, MAJOR, BUT HOW MANY LEGS DID YOU SAY THE TRESTLE HAD?" (*Left sitting.*)



Cavalry Criticism.

Adjutant (*to Riding-Master*). "AH, THERE'S MR. QUICKSTEP!" (*Who had just Exchanged into the Regiment from the Infantry*). "HOW DOES HE GET ON?"

Riding-Master. "WELL, SIR, I THINK HE'S THE HOSSIEST GEN'LEMAN AFU—AND THE FUTTIEST GEN'LEMAN ON A HOS THAT EVER I'VE MET WITH SINCE I'VE BEEN IN THE REGIMENT!"



"The Way we Had in the Army."

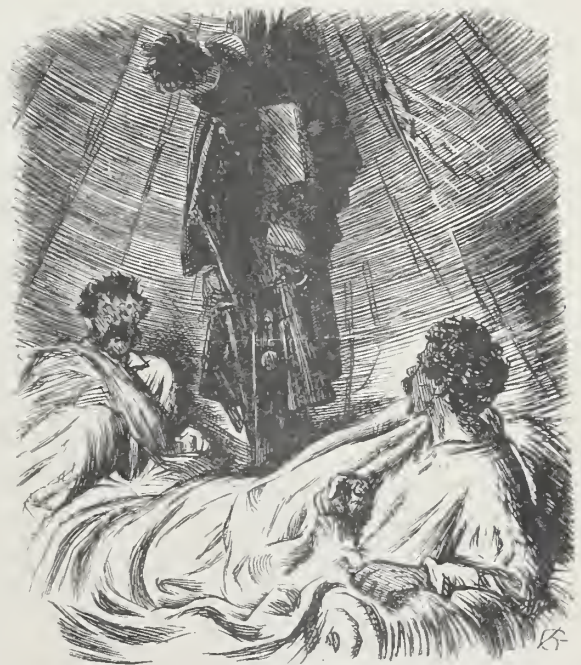
Colonel (of the pre-Examination period—to studious Sub). "I SAY, YOUNGSTER, YOU'LL NEVER MAKE A SOLDIER IF YOU DON'T MIND WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT!" Sub (mildly). "I SHOULD BE SORRY TO THINK THAT, SIR!"

Colonel. "I SAW YOU SNEAKING UP THE HIGH STREET YESTERDAY, LOOKING LIKE A METHODIST PARSON IN REDUCED CIRCUMSTANCES!—HOLD UP YOUR HEAD, SIR! BUY A STICK, SIR! SLAP YOUR LEG, SIR! AND STARE AT THE GIRLS AT THE WINDOWS!"



"An Officer and a Gentleman!"

Volunteer Captain (bumptiously). "OFFICER'S TICKET!" Considerate Clerk. "GOVERNMENT TARIFFS HIGH ON THIS LINE, SIR. YOU'D BETTER GO AS A GENTLEMAN! CHEAPER!" [The Captain is shocked, loses his presence of mind, and takes advantage of the suggestion.]



"The Service going to, &c!"

ENSIGN BROWN SHARES A TENT AT WIMBLEDON WITH HIS FRIEND JONES, PRIVATE IN THE SAME COMPANY. Ensign Brown. "OH, I SAY, JO—MR. JONES, THERE'S ONE OF THOSE PEGS LOOSE. HEM—WILL YOU—I WISH—JUST JUMP OUT, AND MAKE IT FAST!" Private Jones. "OH, HANG IT, BR—MR. BROWN! COME, I DON'T MIND TOSSING YOU!"



Presence of Mind.

Constables (in chorus). "HOY! HULLO! STOP! TURN BACK THERE! CAN'T COME THROUGH THE PARK!"

Elderly Female (in a hurry to catch a train). "PLICEMAN, I'M THE 'ONE SECRETARY'!!!"

Sergeant of Police (taken aback). "OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON, I'M SURE, MUM! ALL RIGHT—DRIVE ON, CABBY!"

[Old Lady saves the train.]



"Bric à Brac."

Mamma } together { "GOODNESS, GRACIOUS, { SAM!
 Daughters } { "PA'!"

Papa (who has a passion for Antiques). "MY DEARS, I THOUGHT IT WOULD DO SO NICELY FOR THE LANDING AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, EH "



Encouraging.

First Bystander (evidently Village Schoolmaster—ignorant set of people generally!). "DON'T SEEM TO BE MAKING MUCH OF IT, DO 'E?"
 Second Bystander (you'd have thought him an intelligent Farmer, by the look of him). "AMMY-TOOB, SEEMIN'LY!"



"Fine Art."

Rural Connoisseur. "HE'S A PINTIN' TWO PICTUR'S AT ONCE, D' YER SEE? 'BLEST IF I DON'T LIKE THAT THESE LITTLE
 'UN AS HE'S GOT HIS THUMB THROUGH, THE BEST!"



Our Reserves.

(AUXILIARY FORCES, NORTH OF IRELAND.)

Last Joined Supernumerary. "NOW, THEN, SENTRY, WHY DON'T YOU SALUTE YOUR OFFICER!"

Militia Sentry (old Yankee Irish Veteran, who has been through the "Secesh" War). "SALUTE, IS IT? DIVER A SALUTE YOU 'LL GET ONTILL YE PAY YER FUTTIN'!!"



Badinage.

Facetious 'Bus-Driver (offering to pull up). "'ELE Y'ARE, SIR. LOOK SHARP, BILL AND 'ELP THE GEN'LEMAN IN WITH HIS LUGGAGE!"

Chimney-Sweep (whose self-respect is hurt) uses strong language!

'Bus-Driver. "BEG PAED'N, SIR. GEN'LEMAN AIN'T FOR US, BILL. HE'S A LOOKIN' OUT FOR A 'HATLAS. GOIN' TO MADAM TOOSAW'D'S, TO 'AVE HIS SPATTY DONE IN WAX-WORK!!"



Particular to a Hair.

Irate Major (to hairy Sub.). "WHEN NEXT YOU COME ON PARADE, SIR, HAVE THE GOODNESS TO LEAVE THOSE CONFOUNDED WEATHERCOCKS BEHIND YOU!"



Chronology

'Bus-Driver. "THEY TELL ME THERE'VE BEEN SOME COINS FOUND IN THESE 'ERE 'EXKAVATIONS THAT 'A BEEN BURIED THERE A MATTER O' FOCK OR FIVE 'UNDRED YEAR!"

Passenger Friend. "OH, THAT'S NOTHIN'! WHY, THERE'S SOME IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM—AH—MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND YEAR OLD!"

'Bus-Driver (after a pause). "COME, GEORGE, THAT WON'T DO, YER KNOW! 'CAUSE WE'RE ONLY IN EIGHTN 'UNDRED AN' SIXTY-NINE NOW!"



"Bus-Measure."

'Bus-Driver. "NEVER SEE THE COMET?! WHY, WHEREVER COULD YOU 'A——" (Notices Shortness of "Gentleman's" hair, &c., and hesitates). "HOW-SOMEYER——"

Passenger (relieving his embarrassment). "WHEREABOUTS WAS IT!"

Driver. "WELL, I'LL TELL YER. IT WAS ABOUT THE LENGTH O' THIS YERE BUS FROM THE FORBARDEST LEADER IN THE GREAT BEAR!"



Tricks upon Travellers.

Bonsor (down upon little Stannery, who's a great boaster about his "Swell" acquaintance, and his extensive "Travel," and this year especially, down Palestine way). "DID YOU SEE THE DARDANELLES?"

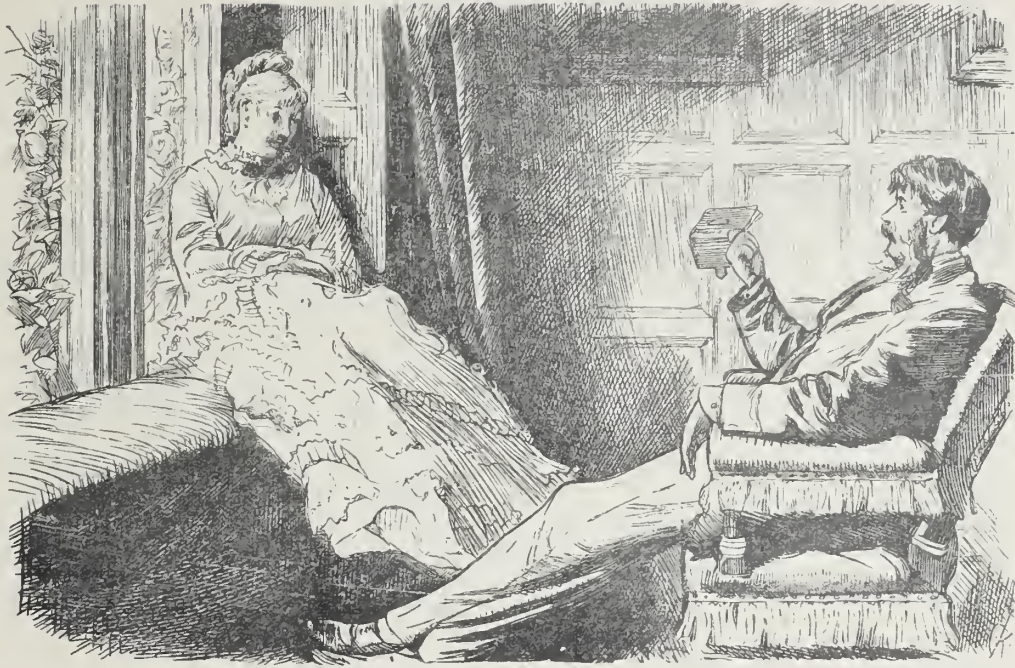
Stannery. "EH? THE—EH? OH, YE—YES! JOLLY FELLAHS AS EVER I MET! DINED WITH 'EM AT VIENNAH!"
[Little S. has left the Club.]



Quantity not Quality.

Brown, Senior. "WELL, FRED, WHAT DID YOU SEE DURING YOUR TRIP ABROAD?"

Brown, Junior. "AW—PON M'WORD, 'DON'T KNOW WHAT I SAW 'XACTLY, 'ONLY KNOW I DID MORE BY THREE COUNTRIES, EIGHT TOWNS, AND FOUR MOUNTAINS, THAN SMITH DID IN THE SAME TIME!"



"A Woman of Business"

Husband (who has been on the Continent, and left his Wife some Blank Cheques). "MY DEAR LOUISA, I FIND YOU HAVE CONSIDERABLY OVERDRAWN AT THE BANK!"

Wife. "O, NONSENSE, WILLY, HOW CAN THAT BE? WHY, I'VE TWO OF THOSE BLANK CHEQUES LEFT YET!"



"Reason in Woman."

Young Wife. "GEORGE, DEAR, I'VE HAD A TALK WITH THE SERVANTS THIS MORNING, AND I'VE AGREED TO RAISE THEIR WAGES. THEY SAID EVERYTHING WAS SO DEAR NOW—MEAT WAS SO HIGH, AND COALS HAD RISEN TO SUCH A PRICE, AND EVERYTHING— I THOUGHT THIS WAS REASONABLE, BECAUSE I'VE SO OFTEN HEARD YOU COMPLAIN OF THE SAME THING."



"Our Failures"

Husband. "I SAY, LIZZIE, WHAT ON EARTH DID YOU MAKE THIS MINT-SAUCE OF?"

Young Wife (who has been "helping" Cook). "PARSLEY, TO BE SURE!"



"Where there's a Will there's a Way!"

Cook. "PLEASE, 'M, I WISHES TO GIVE WARNING—"

Mistress *surprised*. "WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

Cook. "THE FACT IS, MUM, I'M GOIN' TO GET MARRIED!"

Mistress. "WHY, COOK, I DID NOT KNOW YOU WERE ENGAGED!"

Cook. "WHICH I HAN NOT AZACTLY ENGAGED AS YET, MUM; BUT I FEELS MYSELF TO BE OF THAT 'APTY DISPOSITION AS I COULD 'OVE HANY MAN, MUM!"



"Satisfactory!"

Mistress. "WELL, JESSIE, I'M GOING INTO NAIENE, AND WILL SEE YOUR MOTHER. CAN I GIVE HER ANY MESSAGE FROM YOU?"

Jessie (*her first "place"*). "OU, MEM, YE CAN JUST SAY I'M UNCO' WEE' PLEASD WI' YE!"



"Ha! Ha! The Woon' O't!"

Young Mistress (*gravely; she had seen an affectionate parting at the garden-gate*). "I SEE YOU'VE GOT A YOUNG MAN, JANE!"

Jane (*apologetically*). "ONLY WALKED OUT WITH HIM ONCE, M'UM!"

Mistress. "O, BUT I THOUGHT I SAW—DIDN'T YOU—DIDN'T HE—TAKE A KISS, JANE?"

Jane. "O, M'M, ONLY AS A FRIEND, M'UM!"



"The Way we Build now."

Indignant Houseowner (he had heard it was so much cheaper, in the end, to buy your House). "WH' WHAT'S THE—WHAT AM I!—WHAT—WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IS THE MEANING OF THIS, MR. SCAMPLING!?"

Local Builder. "T' TUT, TUT! WELL, SIR, I 'SPECTS SOME ONE'S BEEN A-LEANIN' AGIN IT!!"



"In the Long Run."

Town Gent. "NOW DO YOU FIND KEEPING POULTRY ANSWERS?"

Country Gent (lately retired). "O, ES, S'POSED TO ANSWER. Y' SEE THERE'S THE ORIGINAL COST OF THE FOWLS—'F COURSE THE FOOD GOES DOWN TO ME, Y' KNOW. WELL, THEN, I PURCHASE THE EGGS FROM THE CHILDREN, AND THEY EAT THEM!!!"



Rather too Literal.

Country Gentleman (*in a rage*). "WHY, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO, YOU IDIOT! YOU'VE LET HIM DOWN, AND——"
 New Groom. "YES, YER HONNER, YE TOULD ME TO BREAK HIM; AN' BRUK HE IS, KNEES AN' ALL, WORSE LUCK!"



"Bon Voyage!"

Mossu (*shot into a nice soft loam*) exultingly. "A—HA—A! I AM SAFE O-VÈRE! NOW IT IS YOUR TURN, MÈSTER TIMBRE JOMPRE! COME ON, SARD!"



"Fiat Experimentum," &c.

The Rector. "GOOD MORNING, MRS. SMITHERS. HOW'S THE BABY? ISN'T IT RATHER EARLY TO BRING HIM TO CHURCH? DON'T YOU THINK HE'LL BE RESTLESS?"

Mrs. Smithers. "O, NO, SIR, HE'LL BE QUIET, SIR, WHICH WE TOOK HIM TO THE METHODIS' CHAPEL LAST SUNDAY O' PURPOSE TO TRY HIM, SIR!"



Irreverent.

Policeman (on the occasion of our "Confirmation"). "STOP! STOP! GO BACK! YOU MUSIN'T COME IN HERE! WE'RE EXPECTIN' O' THE BISHOP EVERY MINUTE!"

Cabby (fortissimo). "ALL RIGHT! WHY'VE GOT THE OLD BUFFER INSIDE!"



Wet and Dry.

Careful Wife. "ARE YOU VERY WET, DEAR?"

Ardent Angler (turning up his flask). "NO; DRY AS A LIME-KILN--HAVEN'T HAD A DROP THESE TWO HOURS!"



"Not so Fast.!"

Old Gent. (soliloquising, in the Wilds of Glenmuckie). "AH, WELL, THIS IS VERY JOLLY! WEALTH'S A GREAT BLESSING--NOT THAT I'M A RICH MAN--BUT AFTER THE TURMOIL AND WORRY OF BUSINESS, TO BE ABLE TO RETIRE TO THESE CHARMING SOLITUDES, THE SILENCE ONLY BROKEN BY THE GRATEFUL SOUNDS OF THE RIPPLING STREAM ('BURN,' I MEAN. AH! I NEARLY HAD HIM THEN!), AND THE HUM OF THE BEE! TO BE ABLE TO LEAVE LONDON AND ITS TIREsome MILLIONS, AND FORGET ALL THE LOW--"

Voice from the Bridge (the ubiquitous "Arry"). "COULD YER 'BLICE US WITH A WORM, GOV'NOUR!""



Banting in the Yeomanry.

Troop-Sergeant Major. "IT COMES TO THIS, CAPTAIN, 'A MUN E'THER HEV' A NEW JACKET OR KNOCK OFF ONE O' MY MEALS!"



Something from the Provinces.

Excursionist (politely). "CAN YOU KINDLY DIRECT ME THE NEAREST WAY TO SLAGLEY?"

Powerful Navy. "AH CAN POONCH TH' HEAD O' THEE!"
[Excursionist retires hastily.]



"Ways and Means."

First Country Gentleman. "MEAN HUNTING THIS WINTER, CHARLIE?"
Second Country Gentleman (doubtfully). "SHALL TRY AND 'WORK' IT."
First Country Gentleman. "HOW?"
Second Country Gentleman. "GIVE UP THE UNDER-NURSE, I THINK."



Blank Firing.

Ancient Sportsman (whose Sight is not what it used to be). "PICK 'EM UP, JAMES, PICK 'EM UP! WHY DON'T YOU PICK 'EM UP!"
Veteran Keeper. "'CAUSE THERE BEAN'T ANY DOWN, MY LORD!"



"Breaking the Ice."

Gentleman (*to Pensive Neighbour during the Quarter of an Hour before Dinner*). "MISS WILKINSON, YOU LOOK SAD. PERHAPS YOU'RE TIRED!"

Lady. "O NO, THANK YOU."

Gentleman. "OR UNWELL?"

Lady. "O DEAR, NO!"

Gentleman (*in desperation*). "THEN—YOU MUST BE HUNGRY!"



Shocking!

Dr. Jolliboy (*who had been called away from a social Meeting at his Club*). "THIRTEEN, FOURTEEN, FIFTEEN-TWO, FIFTEEN-FOUR, FIFTEEN-SIX—PAIR EIGHT—NOD'SH NINE——"
(Drops off.) ["We draw a Veil," &c., &c.]

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